THE EXPRESSIVE READERS

SECOND READER

BALDWIN
&
BENDER

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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Marguerite M. Smith.

. BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS (*Frontispiece*)

See page 88

READING WITH EXPRESSION

SECOND READER

BY

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B. & B. SECOND READER.
W. P. 5

TO THE TEACHER

THE design of this series of School Readers is to help children to acquire the art and the habit of reading so well as to give pleasure not only to themselves, but also to those who listen to them. The selections have been chosen and arranged with strict reference to the capabilities and tastes of the pupils who are to read them, thus making every exercise in oral reading both easy and enjoyable as well as instructive.

Children who have read the First Reader will find the transition to the Second very easy. New words are introduced gradually, and the stories and poems are short and of such character as to appeal directly to the interest and understanding of young learners. The progress in the study of unfamiliar words and the mastery of more difficult forms of expression, while not too rapid, are regular and positive, and each new page bears witness to some new acquisition.

Especial attention has been given to the presentation of lessons which invite and require correctness (and therefore naturalness) of expression. Some of the stories and poems are in dialogue form, while many others readily lend themselves to dramatization. The children should be encouraged to imagine themselves the actors in the various stories, and to read the dialogue passages in the tone and manner in

which they suppose them to have been spoken by the original speakers or actors.

The notes under the head of "Expression," which follow many of the lessons, are intended to assist in securing correctness of pronunciation and enunciation, a clear understanding of what is being read, and the intelligible and pleasing oral rendering of the printed page. These notes should be carefully studied by both teacher and pupils.

The phonetic exercises should be frequently and persistently practiced until every pupil acquires, not only the ability to enunciate properly and in natural tones, but also the habit of doing so. The pronunciation of troublesome words should be noted, and every word in the lists should be spelled both by letter and by sound.

The exercises under the head of "Word Study" at the end of the volume are designed to supplement the "Expression" notes, and they should be the subject of daily reference and study.

The selections to be memorized are such as have been recommended and required by the departments of education in New York state and elsewhere. They should not be disregarded until the end, but should be studied and spoken at appropriate times throughout the year.

Acknowledgment and thanks are due to Charles Scribner's Sons for "A Dutch Lullaby," from the *Poems of Eugene Field;* to Houghton Mifflin Company for the selection by Lucy Larcom; and to Mrs. Lydia A. C. Ward for the poem, "Christmas Bells."

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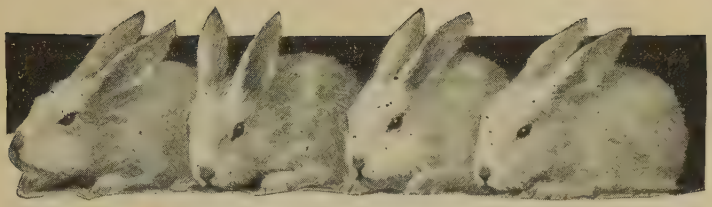


SECOND READER

THE PET RABBITS

rabbit	find	bunny	began
rabbits	mind	bunnies	because

Once there was a little boy who had four pet rabbits.

The rabbits were as white as snow, and they played in the garden all day long.

The little boy loved them very much. They would come when he called them. They would eat from his hand.

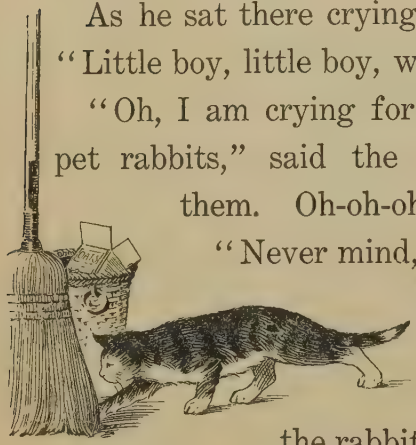
But one day when he called, they did not come. He called again and again, "Bunny, bunny, bunny, bunny!" No bunny came.

Then he went into the garden to look for them. He looked here, he looked there.

He looked in the barn, he looked in the house, he looked in the street.

No rabbits could he find.

Then he sat down in the garden walk and began to cry. "Oh! Oh-oh-oh! My dear, dear bunnies — Oh-oh-oh-oh!"



As he sat there crying, a pussy cat came by. "Little boy, little boy, why do you cry?"

"Oh, I am crying for my rabbits, my pretty pet rabbits," said the boy. "I cannot find them. Oh-oh-oh-oh!"

"Never mind," said the cat. "I will find them for you."

So she went here, she went there, looking for the rabbits. "Mew! mew!" she called, in the house, in the barn, in the street.

No rabbits could she find.

Then she came back into the garden and sat down by the little boy.

"Oh-oh-oh-oh!" cried the little boy.

"Mew! Mew-ew!" cried the pussy cat.

As both sat there crying, a dog came by.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat,
why do you cry?"

"Oh, I am crying because the boy cries; and the boy cries because he cannot find his rabbits," said the pussy cat.

"Never mind," said the dog. "I will find them for him."

So he went here, he went there, looking for the rabbits. "Bow-wow! bow-wow!" he called, in the house, in the barn, in the street.

No rabbits could he find.

Then he came back into the garden, and sat down by the pussy cat and the little boy.

"Oh-oh-oh-oh!" cried the little boy.

"Mew ! Mew-ew !" cried the pussy cat.

"Bow-wow ! Bow-wow !" cried the dog.

As all sat there, crying and crying, a little yellow bird flew down.

"Big dog, why do you cry?" it said.

"Oh, I am crying because the cat cries; and the cat cries because the boy cries; and the boy cries because he cannot find his rabbits."

"Never mind," said the bird. "I will find them."

Then it went, hop! hop! to the very top of a red-rose bush. It looked here and there, and began to sing. "Sweet ! Sweet, sweet, sweet!"

All at once, a little white rabbit came, hop ! hop ! hop ! out from under the red-rose bush.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!" sang the yellow bird; and out hopped another rabbit, and then another, and then another.

"Oh, my bunnies ! my dear bunnies !" said the little boy. "Oh-oh-oh-oh !"

"Mew! Mew!" said the pussy cat.

"Bow-wow!" said the big dog.

And the yellow bird kept on singing its sweet, sweet song.

EXPRESSION: What did the boy say when he could not find his rabbits? What did he say when they were found? Speak just as you think he spoke each time.

What did the cat say? What did the dog say?

What did the bird say? Sing its song if you can.

THE LITTLE ROBIN

king	hawk	trick	sly
cage	brook	tail	feather

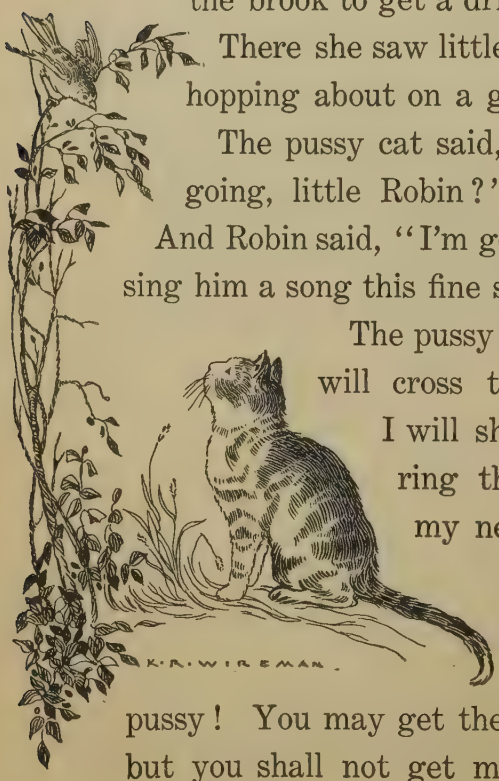
I

One day an old gray pussy cat went down by the brook to get a drink of water.

There she saw little Robin Redbreast hopping about on a green bush.

The pussy cat said, "Where are you going, little Robin?"

And Robin said, "I'm going to the king to sing him a song this fine summer morning."



The pussy cat said, "If you will cross the brook, Robin, I will show you the white ring that I have round my neck."

"Oh, no, no!" said little Robin. "No, no, gray pussy! You may get the mice in the barn, but you shall not get me."

II

So little Robin flew away, and soon he saw a great greedy hawk sitting on a tree.

The greedy hawk said, "Where are you going, little Robin?"

And Robin said, "I'm going to the king to sing him a song this fine summer morning."

Then the great greedy hawk said, "Come up here, Robin, and you may see a pretty gray feather in my wing."

"Oh, no, no!" said Robin. "No, no, greedy hawk! You may grip the white doves in your claws, but you shall not grip me."

III

So little Robin flew away, and soon he saw a sly fox sitting on the ground.

The sly fox said, "Where are you going, little Robin?"

And Robin said, "I'm going to the king to sing him a song this fine summer morning."

Then the sly fox said, "Come here, little Robin, and you

may see the pretty white spot on the end of my tail."

"Oh, no, no!" said Robin. "No, no, sly old fox! You may trick the lambs in the field, but you shall not trick me."

IV

So little Robin flew away till he saw a small boy sitting by the door of a small brown house.

The boy said, "Where are you going, little Robin?"

And Robin said, "I'm going to the king to sing him a song this fine summer morning."

Then the boy said, "Come here, Robin, and I'll give you a grain of corn to eat."

"Oh, no, no!" said Robin. "No, no, little

boy! You may put the yellow bird in a cage, but you shall not put me there."

V

So little Robin flew away till he came to the king's big house; and there he sat in the window and began to sing.

And the queen said to the king, "Do you hear that bird? What a grand song he is singing this fine summer morning!"

"Yes," said the king. "Let him make his home in our cherry tree, and he may have as many cherries as he can eat."

EXPRESSION: What did the cat say to Robin? What did the hawk say?

What did the fox say? What did the little boy say?

What answer did Robin give to each one?

Speak these words as plainly as you can:

gray	*grain*	*greedy*	*grand*	*brook*	*trick*
great	*green*	*grip*	*ground*	*brown*	*drink*

Find each of these words in the story. Do you know any others that begin with *gr*? Say them over and over till you can speak them just right.

GOING TO TOWN

"Where are you going, my little cat?"
"I'm going to town to get me a hat."
"What! A hat for a cat!
A cat get a hat!
Who ever heard of a cat with a hat?"

"Where are you going, my little kittens?"
"We're going to town to buy some mittens."
"What! Mittens for kittens!
Do kittens wear mittens?
Who ever saw little kittens with mittens?"

"Where are you going, my little pig?"
"I'm going to town to get a new wig."
"What! A wig for a pig!
Can a pig wear a wig?
Who ever heard of a pig with a wig?"

THE WATER LILIES

lily	last	stood	tried	beautiful
lilies	left	word	tired	to-morrow

Did you ever see a water lily? How beautiful it is!

I know where to find some white water lilies. They grow in our river not far from the shore.

Four lilies were there this morning. They were as white as milk. I went with Ida and Rose and Robin to look at them.

We four children stood on the shore. The four water lilies sat very still in the river.

We tried to get them, but could not. We stood on the shore and called to them.

We said, "Pretty lilies, white lilies, water lilies, come to us. We love you, pretty lilies. Won't you come to the shore?"

The lilies sat very still. They did not hear a word that we said.

"Oh, lilies, beautiful lilies! We do love you so. Please come!"

We called and called, but they would not come. At last we grew tired and went home. We left them in the river.

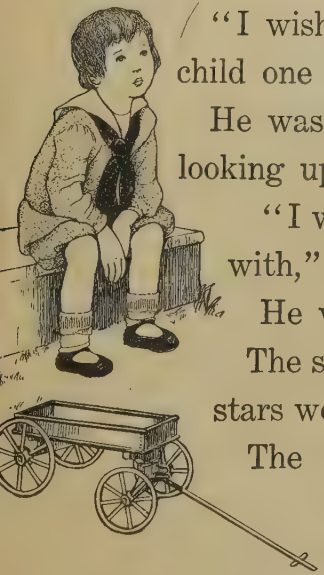
If the sun shines to-morrow, you may find them right where they were to-day.

EXPRESSION: Call to the water lilies as the children did. Speak these words plainly:

oh	*so*	*shore*	*grow*	*home*	*o*
all	*still*	*lily*	*left*	*love*	*l*

THE CHILD AND THE STAR

began	know	raining	coming
before	knew	saying	shining
behind	knock	trying	sitting



"I wish I had a star," said a little child one evening.

He was sitting on the doorstep and looking up at the sky.

"I wish I had a little star to play with," he said.

He was not yet four years old.

The sun had gone down, and many stars were in the sky.

The child looked at them. He seemed to hear each little star saying, "Don't you wish you had me? Don't you wish you had me?"

"Yes, I do wish I had one of them," he said. "See that little red star over there! It is not very high. I think I will run and get it. I will knock it down with a stick before it gets any higher."

The child got up and ran out. No one saw him but his big dog, Don.

He ran down the road, looking at the red star as he went.

"There it is!" he said. "I'll soon have it, I know. I'll knock it down and take it home to mother."

Soon the sky began to grow very dark. A black cloud was coming up. One by one the stars were going behind it.

And now the red star, too, was gone. The child began to cry.

"Oh, red star! Where are you?"

He could not see which way to go. The cloud hid all the sky. The rain began to fall.

"Mother! Mother!" cried the child.

Then he heard some one near him. He held out his hand. It was good old Don. The dog had been with him all the time.

"Oh, Don, Don! Please take me home to mother!" he cried.

Don knew what the little boy wished. He stood very still.

The child put his arms around the dog's neck; he got upon his back. "Now, Don, take me to mother," he said. "Run home fast."

It was raining when they got to the house. Both boy and dog were wet.

"Oh, my dear child, where have you been?" said his mother.

"I have been trying to get a star for you, mother," said the boy.

EXPRESSION: What did the little boy say to the dog? What did the mother say when the little boy came home?

Speak these words very plainly: *back, knock, neck, stick; I wish I had; was setting; don't you wish?*

Speak the *st* very plainly in *star, stay, stood, still.*

THE GO-CART

In go-cart so tiny
My sister I drew;
And I've promised to draw her
The wide world through.

We have not yet started—
I own it with sorrow—
Because our trip's always
Put off till to-morrow.

POLITENESS

Good little boys should never say
"I will," and "Give me these";
Oh, no! that never is the way,
But, "Mother, if you please."

And "If you please," to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And, "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,
And, "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

GOING AFTER THE COWS

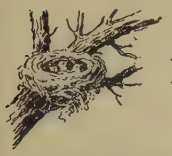
duck	thick	watch	mooley	swim
quack	think	fetch	slowly	swimming

I am a farmer's boy. My father calls me his cow boy.

What do you think I saw to-day when I went to bring the cows home?

The sun was still shining. I had time to look at many things.

Ben went with me. Ben is my dog, and he likes to help me with the cows.



He ran here and there to see what he could find.

The first thing I saw was a robin. It was on an apple tree at the end of the field.

Its nest was high up in the tree. I think there were young robins in the nest, but I could not see them.

Another bird was flying about from tree to tree. When it saw me it called out, "Jay! jay! jay!"

I said, "I know who you are, Mr. Jay. You are a pretty bird, but you don't know how to sing."

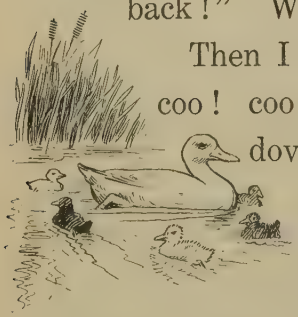
"Jay! jay! jay!" it cried; and then it flew away.

Down by the river I heard a noise. Our old duck was there, with her six little ducks, and I stopped to watch them swim.

I wish I could swim like a duck. The little ducks were swimming around their mother.

Soon one of them went too far from the shore. Then the old duck began to call it back.

"Quack! quack! quack! Come back! come back!" What a noise she did make!



Then I heard something say, "Coo! coo! coo!" I looked, and saw some doves in a tree right before me. I wondered if my white dove was with them. But they were not white. They were gray or brown, and very wild.

They flew away, and I went on till I came to the big field on the hill.

A great many flowers grow there, and the grass is thick and tall.

Ben found a little bird's nest on the ground. Some round white eggs were in it. There were so many that I didn't try to count them.

I think it was a quail's nest. For I heard a quail calling, "Bob White! Bob White!"

Soon I found all the cows. They had been eating grass all day.

"Ho, there! It is time for you to go home. Ho! ho!"

They knew what I said. They went down the hill, one after another. They walked very slowly, and Ben and I walked behind them.

I sang a little song to them as they went.

"Mooley cow, mooley cow,
Come home from the wood!
They sent me to fetch you
As fast as I could.
The sun has gone down,
It is time to go home,
Mooley cow, mooley cow,
Why do you roam?"

EXPRESSION: Who went to drive the cows home? When did he go? What did he see? What did he do? What did the duck say? the dove? the quail? the jay? What did the boy say to the cows?

Speak these words very plainly: *must, first, fast; its nest.*

moo	*coo*	*too*	*soon*	*mooley*
shining	*flying*	*swimming*	*eating*	*growing*

THE LAMPLIGHTER

Leerie	ladder	darker	banker
lamp	lighter	bigger	wagoner

The sun has set, and it is growing dark. It is time to go to the window and see Leerie go by.

Who is Leerie?

Don't you know Leerie? He is our lamplighter. He lights the lamps on our street.

You may see him every night just before tea time.

He will come before it gets much darker. Stand here by me and we will watch for him.

Ha! there he comes, now. Don't you see him coming down the street with his lighter and his ladder?

How would you like to be a lamplighter?

My brother Tom says he would like to be a wagoner and drive horses.

Sister Mary thinks it would be nice to be a sailor and go to sea in a ship.

Father is a banker, and likes to count his money.

But when I get bigger and can do as I please, I'll be a lamplighter like Leerie. I'll go down the street every evening and light the lamps.

Oh, here is Leerie, now!

We have a lamp right before our door, and he is coming to light it.

O Leerie, Leerie, look this way!

Before you hurry away with your lighter and your ladder, look up at the window. See the child that is watching you, and nod to him to-night.

Good-night, Leerie!

EXPRESSION: Speak just as the little boy would speak:

"Oh, don't you know Leerie?"

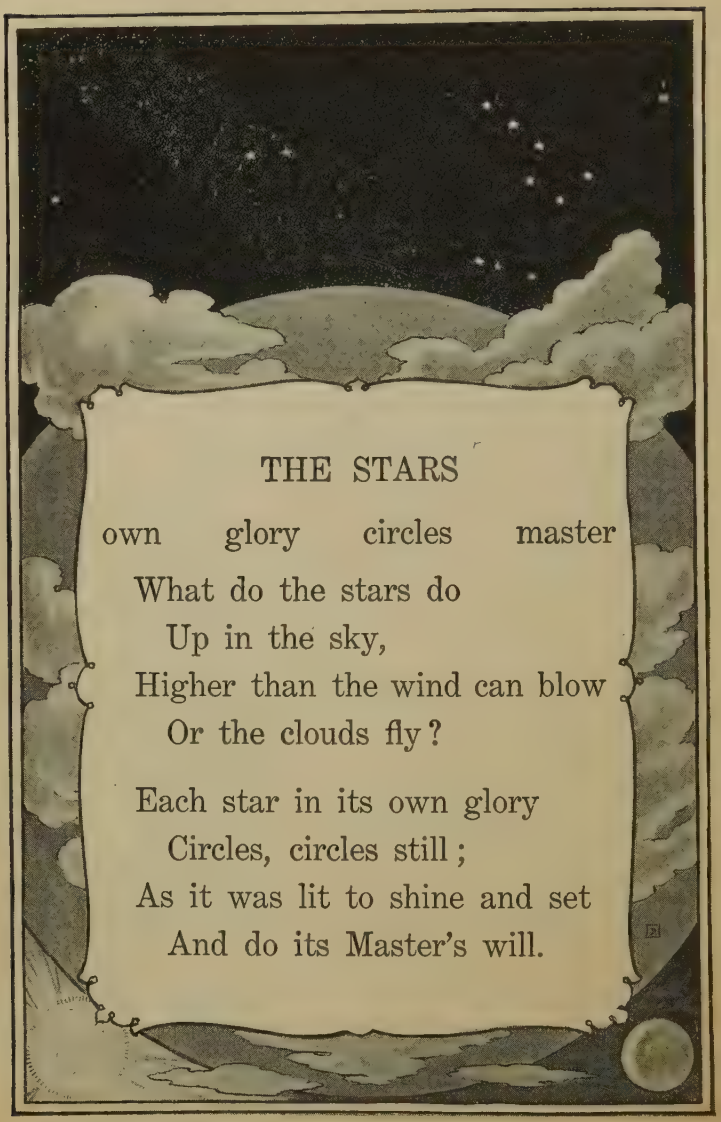
"Ha! there he comes, now."

"Oh, here is Leerie, now!"

"Good-night, Leerie!"

What will you be, by and by?

Speak these words with care: *just before; don't you see; is watching; every evening; much darker; lamplighter like Leerie.*



THE STARS

own glory circles master

What do the stars do
Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow
Or the clouds fly?

Each star in its own glory
Circles, circles still;
As it was lit to shine and set
And do its Master's will.

FIVE LITTLE SISTERS

Five little sisters
Walking in a row;
Now isn't that the best way
For little girls to go?

Each has a round hat,
Each has a muff,
And each has a pretty dress
Of soft green stuff.

Five little marigolds
Standing in a row;
Now isn't that the best way
For marigolds to grow?

PLAYING SAILOR

step	strong	gold	woods
stand	string	move	masts
straight	strange	believe	mountain

Have you ever seen a ship? It is like a very big boat.

It has masts and sails. The masts stand up straight. They are tall and strong. They hold the sails.

The wind blows on the sails and makes the ship go.

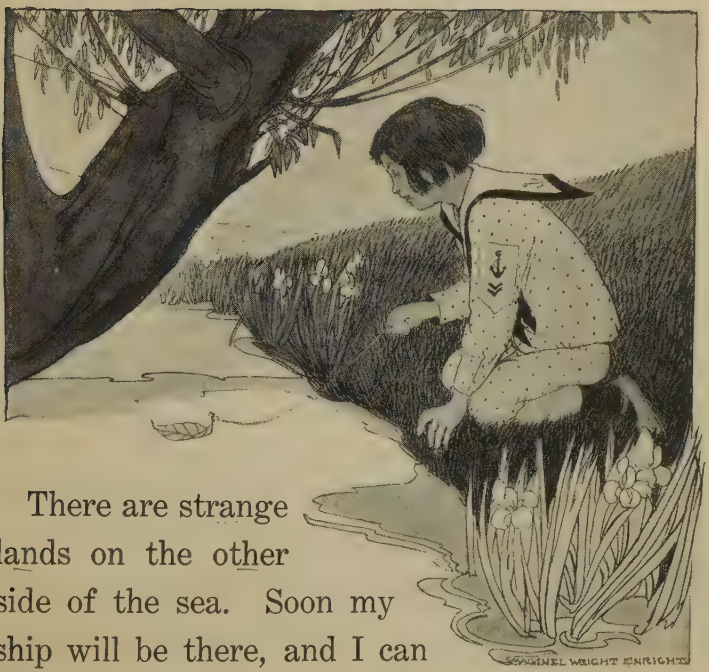
It is fun to play that you are a sailor and have a ship. Any boy can play it.

This is the way I play it: I make believe that our little brook is the wide, wide sea.

I play that a big yellow leaf is my ship. See how it floats on the water.

I am the captain of the ship. How very little I must be to stand on its deck!

Now the wind blows, and we sail away. See how fast the pretty ship goes over the water!



There are strange lands on the other side of the sea. Soon my ship will be there, and I can step on shore.

What strange things I shall see in those far-away lands!

There is a mountain by the shore; and I can see a big river and some dark woods.

Lions live in the woods. I think some foxes are there, too. There is gold in the mountain.

I shall not be afraid of the lions and the foxes. I shall fill my ship with gold.

Then I shall go on my ship and sail for home.

Blow, wind, blow! Blow my pretty ship back to this side of the sea.

Now I make believe that this long string is the wind. It is blowing this way.

Here we are, safe home at last! My ship is loaded with pretty things. Don't you see the yellow gold that's on it?

I shall take the ship to mother. She will say, "Where have you been, my dear boy?"

I shall tell her I have been sailing on the wide, wide sea. I shall tell her about the strange lands I have seen, and about the lions and the gold.

She will laugh and say, "I think you have been to the land of make-believe."

EXPRESSION: What will the little boy's mother say when he goes to her? What will he tell her? What will she answer?

Speak the following words very plainly:

strong, string, strange, straight; masts stand up straight.

she, shall, ship, shore; makes the ship go.

leaf, lions, live, yellow as gold.

BABY LAND

flight	dream	pure	folks
right	shout	downy	guides
bright	born	cradle	faces

I. Which is the way to Baby Land?

1. Any one can tell.
Up one flight, to your right, —
Please to ring the bell.

II. What can you see in Baby Land?

2. Little folks in white,
Downy heads, cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

III. What do they do in Baby Land?

3. Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow, shout and grow, —
Happy times have they.

IV. What do they say in Baby Land?

4. They say the oddest things.
You might as well try to tell
What the robin sings.

V. Who is the queen of Baby Land?

5. Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love, born above,
Guides their little feet.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER: Who will read what is asked about Baby Land? Who will read each answer just as if he were talking? In this way you may help one another in learning to read well.

THE THREE GOATS

Gruff	bridge	rushed	threw
grass	break	rough	farther
grim	brave	enough	goblin
growled	broom	caught	voice

Once there were three goats, and every one of them was named Gruff. They lived by themselves on the side of a mountain.

The grass there was very short, and it was hard for the goats to find enough to eat.

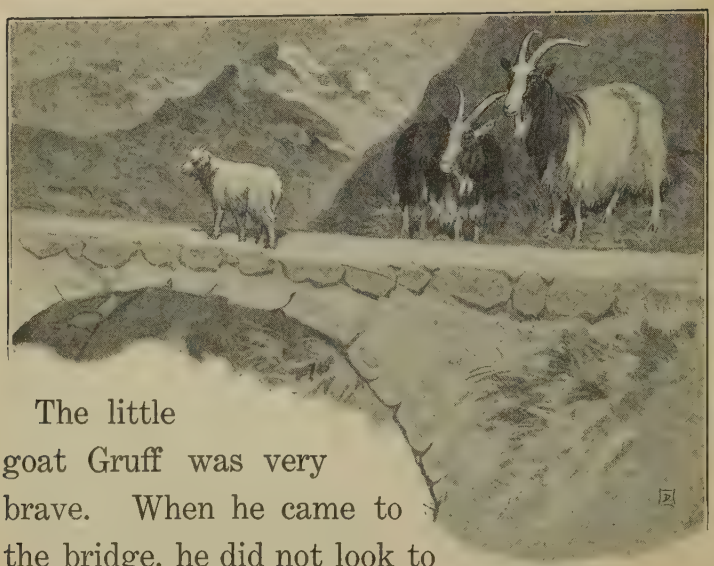
"I think the grass is longer on the next mountain," said great goat Gruff.

"I believe it is much longer," said the second goat Gruff.

"Yes, and I'm going over there to get my dinner," said little goat Gruff.

"So will we, little brother," said the other two goats. "But you may go first, and we will follow after."

Now, the goats had to cross a brook before they could get to the next mountain. There was a high bridge over the brook.



The little goat Gruff was very brave. When he came to the bridge, he did not look to one side or the other, but walked right along.

"Trip trap, trip trap," said the bridge as he went over. It did not make much noise.

All at once some one called out, "Who is trip-trapping on my bridge?"

The little goat looked over the side of the bridge. There he saw a great grim goblin. He had eyes like wagon wheels and a nose as long as a broomstick.

"Who is trip-trapping on my bridge?" said the grim goblin. His voice was very rough.

"Oh, it's only little goat Gruff. I am going over to the next mountain to eat grass and grow fat," said the goat, in a soft voice.

"You won't go any farther, for I shall eat you up," growled the great grim goblin; and then he began to get upon the bridge.

"Oh, please don't hurt me," said little goat Gruff. "I am very little. If you'll wait a while, the second goat Gruff will come this way. He is much bigger than I."

"Very well," said the great grim goblin. "You may go on."

In a little while the second goat Gruff came down to cross the bridge. He held his head high, and did not look to one side or the other.

"Trap trap, trap trap, trap trap," said the bridge as he went along.

"Who is trap-trapping on my bridge?" roared the grim goblin.

"It's only the second goat Gruff. I am going over to the next mountain to eat grass and grow fat," said the goat; and he tried to make his voice very small.

"You won't go any farther, for I shall eat you up," growled the great grim goblin; and now he was right on top of the bridge.

"Oh, please don't hurt me," said the second goat Gruff. "I am very thin. If you'll wait a little while, my brother, the great goat Gruff, will come this way. He is big and fat."

"Is he?" said the grim goblin. "Then I shall like him better. You may go on."

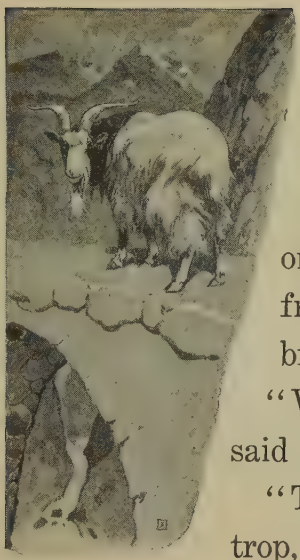
Soon the great goat Gruff came down to cross the bridge. He stepped very high and looked straight before him.

"Trap trop, trap trop, trap trop!" He was so heavy! Would he break the bridge?

"Who is trap-tropping on my bridge?" roared the great grim goblin.

"It is I! It is the great goat Gruff," was the answer. "I'm going over to the next mountain to eat up all your green grass." His voice was very rough and deep.

"You won't go any farther, for I shall eat you up," growled the grim goblin; and he stood right in the road.



"You had better get out of my way," cried the great goat Gruff.

Then he rushed at the grim goblin and caught him on his horns, and threw him from the bridge into the deep brook.

"Whose bridge is it now?" said the great goat Gruff.

"Trap trop, trap trop, trap trop," said the bridge.

In a little while all the goats were eating grass on the next mountain. And they soon grew so fat that they never wished to cross the bridge again.

Expression: What did the grim goblin say to each of the goats?

Give the little goat's answer just as you think he spoke it. Give the second goat's answer; the great goat's.

Help the teacher find all the words that begin with *br; cr; fr; gr; tr.*

Speak these words very plainly: *rough, right, roared; gruff, rough; three, threw; wheel, while; voice, noise.*

GOING OUT TO TEA

You are going out to tea to-day,
So mind your manners well;
Let all accounts I hear of you
Be pleasant ones to tell.

Don't spill your tea, or crumb your bread,
And don't tease one another;
And Tommy mustn't talk too much,
Or quarrel with his brother.

Say, "If you please," and "Thank you, ma'am;"
Come home at eight o'clock;
And, Fanny, do be careful that
You do not tear your frock.

THE SWALLOWS

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallows, for summer is done.
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

When you come flying home over the sea,
Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,
Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.

BOBBY AND HIS MASTER

Bobby	tricks	learn	o'clock
busy	tries	lesson	hurry
becomes	teacher	upright	carry

"Come, Bobby! Now mind! It's time for school to begin."

Bobby is only a little dog. It is his master Robin who is talking to him.

Does Bobby go to school?

Oh, yes! He goes to school every day, and Robin is his teacher.

The school is on the doorstep, and Bobby's lesson begins at eight o'clock.

Bobby thinks that some of his lessons are very hard; but he does his best every day.

"Come, Bobby," says Robin. "Look at me. Sit up straight."

Bobby looks up at his master. If he could talk, he would say, "Dear Robin, these lessons are very hard for a little dog like me."

But he wishes to please his master. So he tries to do as he is told.

You should see all the pretty tricks he has learned. He can do a great many things. He can walk on two legs like a little man.

He can sit upright in a chair, with Robin's hat on his head. He can carry a basket, a letter, or a ball.

He has learned to do all these things and many more. He has learned a little at a time, and it has been very hard work for a dog.

If Robin had not been kind to him he would not have learned much.

The little dog is never afraid, but is always glad when Robin is pleased with him.

"Come, Bobby!" says Robin at last. "That was a hard lesson, but you did it well. You are a good dog, Bobby!"

Then Robin himself must go to school. He hears the bell ringing, and he must hurry. He takes his books and runs down the road to the little red schoolhouse.

Robin's lessons are also hard to learn. He would like to play all day. But he thinks of Bobby and does his best.

He learns a little every day; and oh, how much he will know when he becomes a man!

Busy Robin! Good Bobby! Both work hard, and both are happy.

EXPRESSION: Have you a little dog at home? Play that he is right before you now. Call him and make believe that you are giving him a lesson like that which Robin gave to Bobby. Remember to be kind to him.

PLAYING FAIRY

fairy	empty	apron
cherry	climbed	woman

Little Mary had just come in from the garden.

She had something in her apron. Nobody could see what it was.

"Oh, mother!" she said, "let us play that I am a fairy and you are a poor woman. Will you, mother?"

"Oh, yes, Mary!" said her mother. "We will make believe that you are a fairy and I am a poor woman. What next!"

"We will play the game of three wishes," said Mary. "Shut your eyes, poor woman, and wish for something."

Her mother shut her eyes and held out her hands. "Let me see. What shall I wish for?"

"Please don't wish for anything big. Wish for a flower or a red cherry or some little thing to eat."

"Well, then, good fairy, I wish for a flower. I wish for a — rose."

"Oh, mother! How did you know? Here it is," cried the happy child; and she took a bright red rose from her apron. "Now you must wish again."

"Let me think. What shall I wish for?"

"Something round and red," said the fairy.

"Something round and red! What can it be?" said the poor woman. "Well — I wish for a cherry — for three ripe red cherries."

"Good! good!" cried the fairy as she took the cherries from her apron. "Here they are. You may eat them. Are they good?"

"Thank you, kind fairy. They are very good. Now let me have the other wish. You were to give me three, you know."

"Yes, yes," said the fairy; and she looked in her empty apron. "But I don't know how to give you another wish."

"Well, but I must have it. I wish for a kiss."

"Oh, here it is, mother!" cried the happy child as she climbed upon her mother's lap. "Here it is!"

"That is the best wish of all," said her mother.

EXPRESSION: Let us play fairy. Who will be Mary? Who will be the mother? Now, Mary, come with your rose and your cherries, and make believe you are a fairy. Play the game of the three wishes.

Speak plainly: *kiss, kisses; rose, roses; wish, wishes. red cherry; held; well; empty; climbed.*

BIRTHDAY RIMES

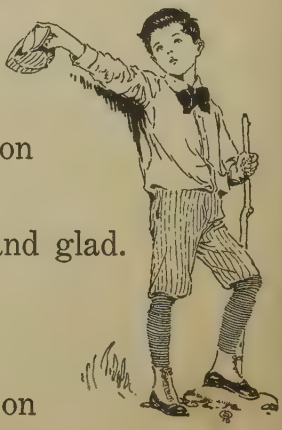
lovely	always	gentle	child	face
loving	never	idle	mild	grace

Monday

The child that is born on Monday
Is lovely and fair of face.

Tuesday

The child that is born on Tuesday
Is gentle and full of grace.



Wednesday

The child that is born on
Wednesday
Must be always brave and glad.

Thursday

The child that is born on
Thursday
Should never be idle or bad.

Friday

The child that is born on Friday
Is loving, kind, and mild.

Saturday

The child that is born on Saturday
Is her own dear mother's child.

Sunday

The child that's born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay.

EXPRESSION: Which rime fits your birthday?
What other birthday rime do you know?
Which rime do you like best? Why?
Learn to write the name of the days of the week.
Which day is sometimes called the Sabbath?
Speak the name of each day correctly.
Learn this so that you can speak it well:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

THE LARK AND THE CHILD

wheat leave world spoke answer

A lark had a nest in a wheat field. A child found the nest, but did not harm it.

"Good lark," he said, "how many little birds have you in your nest?"

"I have three," said the lark, "and they are all very pretty."

"May I look at them?" said the child.

"Yes, my dear. Sit down, and I will show them to you," said the lark.

The child sat down by the nest, and the lark showed him her little ones.

The child looked at them a long time. Then he said, "Your three birdies are very pretty. What are their names?"

"This little one is Tiny Tim," said the mother lark. "The next one is Bright Eyes, and the other is Fair Wing."

"There are three of us at home, too — Baby Rose, sister Mary, and I," said the child. "Our mother says we are very dear to her."

Then Tiny Tim spoke up and said, "That is just what our mother says of us. Oh, yes, we know that she loves us."

The child looked at the larks again and again, and was very glad.

Then he said to the mother lark, "Good Mrs.

Lark, won't you let me take Tiny Tim home with me? The children will play with him, and all will be kind to him."

Before the mother lark could answer, Bright Eyes looked up and spoke.

"Yes, little boy, you may take Tiny Tim with you if you will send Baby Rose to live with us. We will play with her, and be kind to her."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the child. "Baby Rose would be very sad to leave mother and home. She could not live in your nest. And we would not part with her for the world."

Then Bright Eyes said, "So would Tiny Tim be sad to leave our mother and go away from the nest. And little Fair Wing and I would be very, very sad to part with him."

"I see, I see," said the child. "Every one loves home and mother."

"And brothers and sisters are dear to one another," said Tiny Tim.

EXPRESSION: What were the names of the larks? What were the names of the children? Which name do you like best? Speak plainly: *lark, larks, look, looks, love, loves.*

MORNING

"Shall I sing?" says the lark;
"Shall I bloom?" says the flower;
"Shall I come?" says the sun;
"Or shall I?" says the shower.

Sing your song, happy bird;
Bloom, sweet rose, for an hour;
Shine on, pretty sun;
Stay away, naughty shower!

THE FAIRY BOOTS

thought brought fiddle breakfast

An old cat was eating her supper of bread and milk in the back yard.

She kept purring to herself as she ate.

"How happy I am! I think I could dance if some one would play the fiddle."

A little mouse was under the doorstep. He peeped out and saw the happy cat.

"I should be happy, too, if I had some of that bread and milk," he thought.

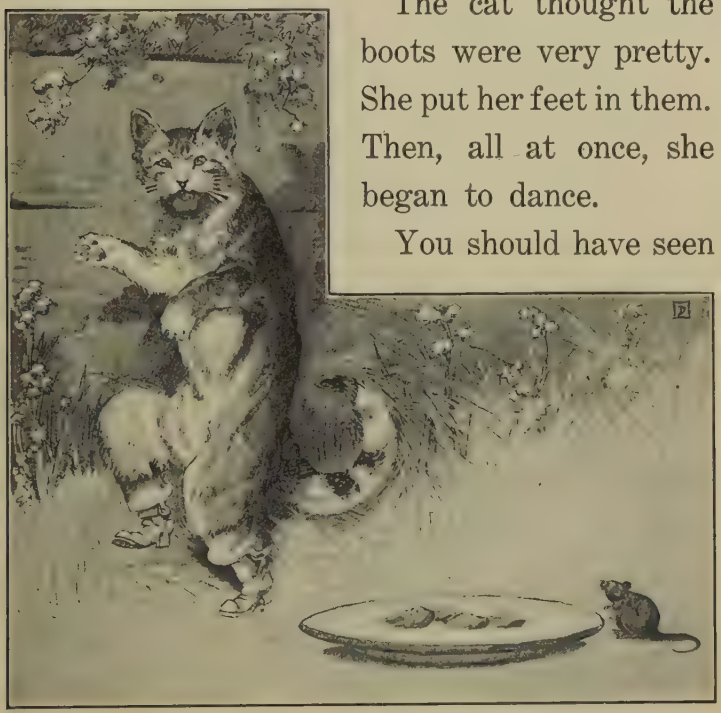
Then he said to the old cat, "Dear Pussy, I can show you how to dance without a fiddle."

"Oh, can you?" said the cat. "Please come here and show me. I won't hurt you."

Now the mouse had some boots which a fairy had given him. They were very small, but they would fit any one who tried to put them on.

He got them and set them before the cat.

"Here are some boots," he said. "Put them on, and they will make you dance."



The cat thought the boots were very pretty. She put her feet in them. Then, all at once, she began to dance.

You should have seen her. She danced, and she danced, and she danced. She hopped here, she hopped there. Try as she would, she could not stop hopping.

"Oh, friend Mouse," she said, "I have danced enough. Please make them stop."

The mouse made believe he could not hear. He turned his head to one side, and said, "Eh? What did you say?"

"*Please make them stop!*" said the cat.

"Speak louder! Speak louder!"

"I DON'T WANT TO DANCE!"

"Do you say you *want to dance?* Well, then, I'm sure you may. Those are fairy boots. They will never stop till they wear out."

So the poor cat kept on dancing. She danced all night. She danced till the boots wore out.

"I must have a little of that bread and milk," said the mouse.

But a mouse cannot eat much. There was enough left for the cat's breakfast.

The cat did not like the trick which the mouse played on her; and now all mice must keep out of her way.

EXPRESSION: What did the cat say? What did the mouse say? Why are mice afraid of cats?

Help the teacher make a list of words in which you find the letter *m*. Speak each word very plainly.

Say, *dance, danced; hop, hopped; stop, stopped.*

A TICK-TOCK STORY

twelve dead cuddled chased

"Tick, tock! tick, tock!"
Twelve at night by the clock.
The fire is dead,
And all are in bed.
"Tick, tock! tick, tock!"

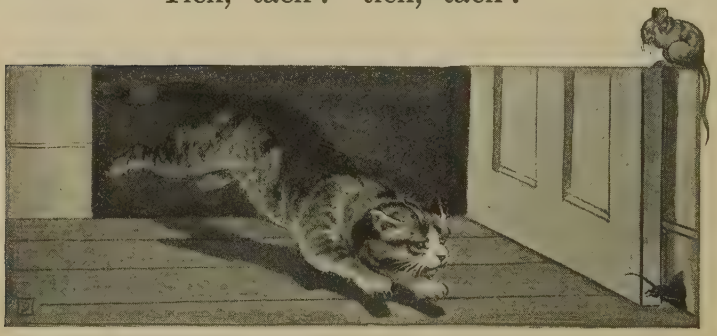
"Tick, tark! tick, tark!"
Is pussy asleep in the dark?
Cuddled up there
In the big arm chair —
"Tick, tark! tick, tark!"

"Tick, tock! tick, tock!"
Half-past twelve by the clock.
Out from his hole
The little mouse stole —
"Tick, tock! tick, tock!"

"Tick, tock! tick, tock!"
Nothing was heard but the clock.

The mouse ran out,
Pussy chased him about —
"Tick, tock! tick, tock!"

"Tick, tack! tick, tack!"
The mouse to his hole ran back.
"Ah, Pussy," said he,
"You can't catch me."
"Tick, tack! tick, tack!"



"Tick, tock! tick, tock!"
Pussy looked up at the clock.
The clock struck ONE —
Said the cat, "What fun!"
Said the clock, "Tick, tock!"

THE PET KITTEN

ought	brought	fought	caught
bought	thought	taught	naughty

James was a little boy, and he had many things to learn.

One day his father came home with a basket in his hand.

"I have brought something for you, James," he said. "Guess what it is."

"Oh, papa, what is it?" asked James. "Is it something to eat? May I have it now?"

His father opened the basket.

Can you guess what was in it?

"Oh, papa! a kitten! a kitten!" cried James. "May I have her for my own? Where did you get her?"

"I bought her in town this morning," said his father; "and you may have her if you will be kind to her."

"Oh, I'll be kind to her," said James. And he tried to take her from the basket.

But the kitten was afraid. She thought he

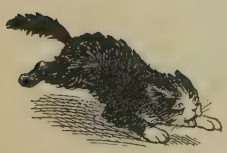
would hurt her. She jumped out of the basket, and ran into another room.

"Oh, catch her! catch her!" cried James; and he ran after her. He made so much noise that the kitten was more afraid than ever.

"James," said his father, "the kitten is afraid you will hurt her. You ought to be very gentle. Then she will know that you wish to be kind to her."

But James wished to hold the kitten in his hands. He thought she ought to come to him at once.

He found her under his bed, where he could not go.



"Oh, you naughty kitten!" he said. Then he brought a long stick and hit her to make her come out.

The kitten came out, but ran and hid in another place. At last he caught her.

"Oh, you naughty thing!" he cried. "You shall be taught not to run away from me."

He did not know how to be gentle with her. After that, she was always afraid of him.

She ran from him. She fought him when he caught her.

"I don't like her at all," he said at last. "She is ugly and cross. She won't play with me at all."

"Well, then," said his father, "I will take her out of your way."

He put the kitten in the basket and carried her out of the house.

"I don't care," said James. "She ought to go away. She is so ugly and cross."

Some time after that, James went to see his little friend Rollo who lived not far away.

He found Rollo in the garden. He was drawing a little cart up and down the walk. It was blue and white, and had two red wheels.

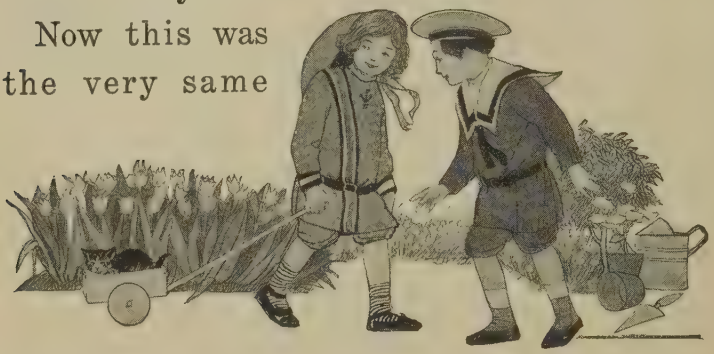
"Oh, what a pretty cart!" said James.

"Yes, it is pretty," said Rollo; "and do you see what is in it?"

"Oh, yes!" cried James. "A kitten! How still she sits! She is not afraid at all."

"There is nothing for her to be afraid of," said Rollo.

"Well, I wish I could have a gentle cat like that," said James. "Papa bought a kitten for me once; but it was so cross and ugly that he took it away."



Now this was the very same kitten, but James did not know it. His father had brought it to Rollo.

Rollo was gentle with the kitten. He had taught her to love him, for he was always kind to her.

Expression: What did James say when he first saw the basket? What did he say when the basket was opened? What did he say when his father carried the kitten away? Repeat the talk between James and Rollo.

Speak these words very plainly: *cat, came, cart, caught; kitten, kind; come, catch, care, cross.*

THE LOST KITTY

"Where is my little basket gone?"
Said Charlie boy one day.
"I think some little boy or girl
Has taken it away.

"And kitty, too; I can't find her.
Oh, dear! what shall I do?
I wish I could my basket find
And little kitty too.

"I'll go to mother's room and look,
I think I'll find her there;
For kitty likes to take a nap
In mother's easy chair.

"Oh, mother, mother, come and see!
My kitty's gone to sleep.
She's in my little basket, here,
All cuddled in a heap."

EXPRESSION: Play that you are Charlie, and are telling your mother about the kitty.

PLAYING HAPPY FAMILY

middle	Dingle	family	cheer
purple	curtains	pictures	chair

It was a rainy day, and there was no school.

The children could not go out of doors to play. They looked at books and pictures till they were tired. Then they stood at the window and watched the rain.

"Oh, what shall we do?" said Ida.

"I'll tell you. Let's play happy family with our dolls," said little May.

"Oh, yes!" cried all the others; and the girls ran to bring their dolls into the room.

"Here's Dolly Dingle," said May.

"She is the mother of the family," said Ida.

Then all the children began to sing: —

"*This is the mother so kind and dear.*"

"She shall sit in the big armchair," said Robert; and he drew the chair up to the window.

"Now here is Mr. Dingle," said Fanny, as she made her big boy doll stand up by the chair.

"Good morning, Mr. Dingle," said the children; and they sang: —

"This is the father so full of cheer."

"And who is this?" asked Robert, as he took up another boy doll and set it by the mother.

"Oh, that is brother Jack," said Ida, and everyone began to sing: —

"This is the brother so strong and tall."

Then little Rose came with her new doll. It was a very small doll, with blue eyes and long yellow hair. "This is the sister," she said.

The other children laughed, for sister Rose herself looked like a big doll. Then they all sang: —

"This is the mother so kind and dear,
This is the father so full of cheer,
This is the brother so strong and tall,
This is the sister who plays with her doll."

Just then the door opened and their mother came into the room. She had Baby Grace in her arms. All the children were glad. They danced around the room and sang: —

"*And there is the baby, the best of all.*"

Then they put the doll house in the middle of the room. They swept the floor, they made the beds. They put Mr. Dingle and Mrs. Dingle by one of the doors. They put the smaller dolls by the other.

They played till they were tired of the game. Then they looked out of doors. The rain had stopped. The sky was clear. But the sun had gone down. The day was done.

"I think it is time for Baby Grace to go to bed," said the children's mother.

So they sang this little good-night song: —

The bluebird has gone to its nest,
And baby must go to her bed;
For the sun has gone down in the west,
In curtains of purple and red.

Yes, this is the end of the day,
The lambs are asleep in the dew;
So baby must leave off her play,
And go to her little bed, too.

EXPRESSION: Let us play "Happy Family." Repeat the song which the children sang. Speak each word plainly.

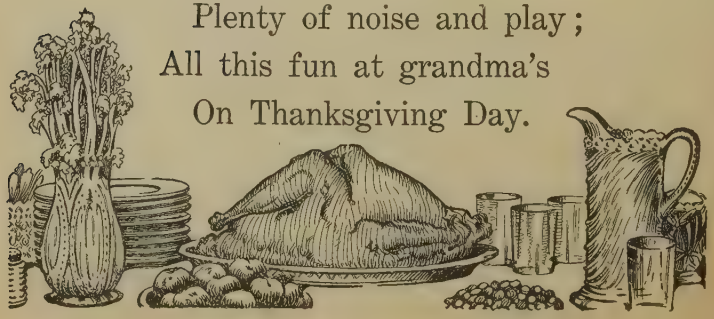
Help the teacher make a list of words that begin with *d*. Make another list of words that end with *d*.

Find these words: *Grace, girls, glad, gone.* Find in this book ten other words beginning with the same sound.

THANKSGIVING DAY

bustle kitchen plenty

A bustle in the kitchen,
A smell of cakes and pies,
Children looking everywhere,
With happy, wondering eyes.
Apples in the evening,
Plenty of noise and play;
All this fun at grandma's
On Thanksgiving Day.



HOW TOMMY LEARNED A LESSON

wear	care	bare	fair	there	careful
bear	dare	their	pair	where	careless

Tommy True was a careless boy. He was often late at school. Sometimes he was late for dinner.

One day his mother said, "Tommy, I have bought some fairy shoes for you. Would you like to put them on?"

"Oh, yes, mother!" he answered. "I should like to wear a pair of fairy shoes."

"Well, then," said his mother, "here they are. If you wear them, you must take care never to be late at school."

"Why so, mother?"

"They will pinch your feet if you are late, or if you are not careful about your lessons."

Tommy looked at the shoes. They were very strong and well made. He tried them on, and they were just the right size for him.

"I won't be late, mother," he said; and he ran to school, as happy as he could be.

But the very next morning Tommy was careless again. The field by the road was yellow with buttercups.

"How pretty they are!" he said to himself. "I wonder if I may dare to get one. Yes, I will have one."

He laid his books down and ran into the field. His shoes began to pinch his feet, but he did not care.

The ground was soft and wet; it would not bear him up. His feet sank in the mud. He lost his fairy shoes.

"Well, I'm glad they're gone," he said. There were so many buttercups, and he wanted them all. So he picked till his hands were full of them.

At last, with bare feet, he went on to school. But he was very, very late.

All the other children were in their places; and there, too, were Tommy's shoes, right where he ought to be.

The shoes were very muddy, and each had a little buttercup in it.

"Well, Tommy, you are late again," said the teacher. "Put on your shoes."

Tommy put them on. Then he had to go to the foot of the class.

He did not know his lessons. The shoes pinched his feet. He was not at all happy.

"I think I'll take them off, they hurt me so," he said.

So he stooped down and took them off. But as soon as they were off they went trip-trap, trip-trap, to the head of the class.

"See!" said the teacher. "The fairy shoes will stay there till you work up to them."

Every day the shoes were there at the head of the class. Tommy had to stand in his bare feet till he could work his way up to them.

Now you must not think that Tommy was a bad boy. He loved flowers, he loved books, he loved all things fair and beautiful. He wished to do right, but he would forget.

The fairy shoes helped him to think. They would not let him forget. By and by he did so well that he could wear them again. At last he learned to be always in the right place at the right time.

EXPRESSION: Make a list of words which begin with the sound of *t*, as *Tommy, take, till.* Make another list of words which end with *t*. Speak each word very plainly.

THE SNOWBIRD

Emily merrily chickadee choose

The ground was all covered
With snow one day,
And two little sisters
Were busy at play.
A snowbird was sitting
Close by on a tree
And merrily singing
His chickadee-dee —
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee,
And merrily singing
His chickadee-dee!

He had not been singing
That tune very long
When Emily heard him,
So loud was his song.
"Oh, sister, look out of
The window," said she,
"Here's a dear little bird
Singing chickadee-dee,
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee,—
Here's a dear little bird
Singing chickadee-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him
Some stockings and shoes,
And a warm little coat,
And a hat if he choose.
I wish he'd come into
The parlor and see
How warm we could make him,
Poor chickadee-dee!
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!
How warm we could make him,
Poor chickadee-dee."

The bird had flown down
For some pieces of bread,
And heard every word
Little Emily said.
"How queer I would look
In that coat," thought he;
And he laughed as he warbled
His chickadee-dee,
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!
He laughed as he warbled
His chickadee-dee.

"There is ONE, my dear child,
Though I cannot tell who,
That has clothed me already,
And warm enough too!—
Good morning! Good morning!
Oh, who are so free—
Oh, who are so happy,
As chickadee-dee?
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee,
Oh, who are so happy,
As chickadee-dee?"

THE BOLD HUNTER

slyly	beast	helpless	ordered
papa	upstairs	fierce	wrote
paper	bedroom	sleepy	whisper

Little Paul is only five years old. All the children love him, he is so bright and happy.

In the evening, when his mother is reading, he likes to go hunting.

He takes a stick for his gun. He hunts lions under the table. He hunts foxes under the chairs.

He has a toy bear, which he hunts in all kinds of places.

He creeps up slyly towards the fierce beast. He takes aim with his gun. Bang! and the poor toy bear lies helpless at his feet.

Would you believe that so brave a hunter could be afraid of anything?

Well — let me whisper it to you — he is afraid of mice!

If he sees a mouse running over the floor he stands still and begins to cry for his mother.

If he thinks a mouse is under the table he will not hunt lions there.

One evening his mother was away from home. There was no one in the house but Paul and his father.

Paul was very happy. He played with his toy bear a long time. Then he looked at his picture book till he was very sleepy.

The clock struck eight.

"Come, my brave boy," said Paul's father, "it is your bed time. Run upstairs to your room."

"Oh, papa," said Paul, "won't you please go with me? I don't like to go alone."

"What are you afraid of?" asked his father.

"I'm not afraid; but I don't like the mice. There are always mice on the stairs. I've seen two or three there."

"Oh, if that is all," said his father, "I can soon make things right with the mice. I'll give you a pass, and then they will let you alone."

"A pass, papa? What's that?" asked Paul.

"I will show you," said his father. Then he

took his pen and wrote something on a piece of paper. Paul stood by his side to hear him read it.

To all the mice in this house:

You are ordered to keep out of the way when Paul goes upstairs or is in his bedroom. You must not get in his way or go near him.

Paul's Papa.

"There, now you are as safe from mice as from lions," he said.

The child took the paper and smiled. "Thank you, papa. Now, I don't care for the mice. Good night!"

Then, with the paper in his hand, he went upstairs to bed.

After that, when he went into a room where there might be mice, he always took the paper with him.

"Mice," he would say, "this is Paul. You must not hurt me; for I have a pass from papa."

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do happy children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by wise men from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And its mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the Holy Child."

Therefore Christmas bells do ring;
Therefore happy children sing.

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD

Piccola	maybe	lovingly	sparrow
present	chimney	softly	nestled
people	fallen	fireplace	chirping

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Piccola.

She lived with her mother in a great city, and they were very poor.

Christmas was coming. Piccola heard the girls at school talking about it.

They talked about the presents they hoped to get. And every one was quite sure that good Santa Claus would bring her something.

Little Piccola said nothing. But when she went home she asked her mother about it.

"Mother, do you think that Santa Claus will bring something to me at Christmas?"

"No, my child," said her mother. "I have no money to buy Christmas presents."

"But, mother," said the child, "maybe Santa Claus will buy me something."

"Oh, no!" said her mother. "Santa Claus does not buy presents for poor people."

Piccola had heard the other children say that Santa Claus was good and kind to every one. She felt sure that he would not forget any child, no matter how poor.

Christmas eve came soon. All the children were very happy. Santa Claus was going to this house and that, and giving presents to all.

But Piccola's home was cold and dark. The fire had gone out. The child had been put to bed very early.

Piccola could not go to sleep. She lay thinking and thinking.

"Santa Claus loves all children," she said to herself. "If I only had a stocking to hang up. I'm sure he would put something in it."

Then she thought of the shoes which she wore to school on cold days. They were wooden shoes; for in the city where she lived, the poor people had no other kind.

She wondered if Santa Claus would not like a shoe almost as well as a stocking.

She jumped out of bed. She picked up one of her shoes. She ran across the cold floor to the big fireplace and the wide chimney.

"Here, Santa Claus," she said very softly. "Here is little Piccola's shoe. It is the best she can do, for she has no stocking to hang up."

She put the shoe down in the chimney corner. Then she ran softly back to her poor bed.

She was sure that Santa Claus would not

forget her. She shut her eyes, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, when she awoke, the Christmas bells were ringing. The sun was not yet up. The room was cold.

Piccola's first thought was of Santa Claus. She jumped out of her bed and ran to the chimney corner.

She picked up her shoe. She put in her hand, and drew out — a little bird. It was a sparrow that had fallen down the chimney in the night.

"O mother, mother!" cried the child. "See what Santa Claus has brought me. He did not forget me."

She held the bird gently and lovingly. It was chirping softly. It nestled down in her hands.

No other child was so happy as little Piccola.

EXPRESSION: Speak the little girl's name plainly, *Pic-co'la.* What did she say to her mother? What did her mother say? What did Piccola say on Christmas day?

Study these words: *Christ'mas; for get'; soft'ly; mat'-ter; a cross'; fire'place; chim'ney.*

Notice that each word is made up of two parts. Your teacher will tell you what the little mark ' means.

BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

dimpled	darling	understood	borrow
opened	stocking	grandma	longest

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget.
The dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen a Christmas yet.

But I told him all about it,
And he opened his big blue eyes;
I am sure he understood it,
He looked so funny and wise.

Ah! what a little stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Safe from the frost and cold.

But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
For Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

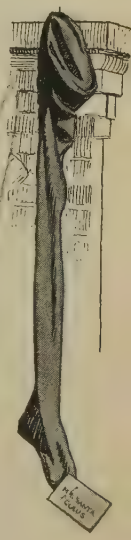
I know what we'll do for baby;
I've thought of a very good plan.

I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest one, if I can.

And you may hang it up, mother,
Right here in the corner — so;
And write a letter for baby,
And pin it on the toe.

"Dear Santa Claus, this is a stocking
Hung up for our baby, here.
You never have seen the darling;
He has not been with us a year.

"But he is a beautiful baby!
And now, before you go,
Please fill this stocking with playthings
From the top of it down to the toe."



THE BLUE JAY

chestnuts	noisy	hungry	nobody
acorns	busy	sunny	anybody
thief	plenty	loudly	everybody

Jay! jay! jay! My name is Blue Jay. You may think I am noisy, but I don't mean any harm by my noise.

Jay! jay! jay! I do the best I can; and if I shout my name from the treetops, why should anybody care?

Sometimes I do not go to the warm South in the winter time, as other birds do. I stay near my summer home and try not to mind the cold.

It is hard for birds to find food in winter. In the fall I hide chestnuts and acorns in the ground. When winter comes, the snow covers them and I cannot find them. So I must often go hungry for a long time.

When the days are warm and sunny, I fly from place to place and tell everybody my name. Jay! jay! jay!

When spring comes, no other bird is more busy or more happy than I.

The bluebirds and the robins do not like

me. They say that I rob their nests; and it is true that I do this sometimes. That is my way of getting a living, and nobody has ever taught me better.

When I fly among the trees, I must be careful to look about me. For if any of those birds see me they fly at me to drive me away.

They scold me, they peck at my eyes, they flap their wings in my face.

The robins will not even let me look in their nests. They fly at me and cry, "Thief! thief!" as loudly as they can.

Now, I will leave it to you if I'm not as good looking as a robin. See my beautiful wings. See the pretty feathers on my head.

It is true that I don't sing very well. Yet I do the best that I can; and who can do better? Jay! jay! jay!

EXPRESSION: What does the jay bird say? What do the robins call him?

Tell the jay bird's story just as he tells it.

Speak these words carefully: *jay, Jack, James, jump, gentle; out, shout; old, cold, scold, scolds.*

OVER IN THE MEADOW

wink	reeds	buzz	owlet
blinks	sticks	caw	younger

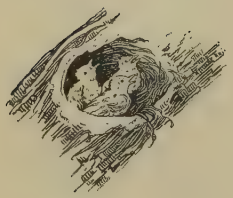
Over in the meadow,
Well hidden from the sun,
Lives an old mother owl
With her little owlet one.

"Wink!" says the mother;
"I wink," says the one.
So it winks and it blinks,
Well hidden from the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lives an old mother fish
With her little fishes two.

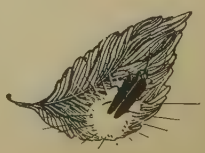
"Swim!" says the mother;
"We swim," say the two.
So they swim and they leap
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lives a mother bluebird
With her little birds three.



"Sing!" says the mother;
"We sing," say the three.
So they sing and are glad
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lives a mother firefly
And her little flies four.



"Shine!" says the mother;
"We shine," say the four.
So they shine like little stars
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lives a queen honeybee
With some younger bees five.

"Buzz!" says the queen bee;
"We buzz," say the five.
So they buzz and they hum
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lives a black mother crow
And her little crows six.

"Caw!" says the mother crow;
"We caw!" say the six.
So they caw and they call
In the nest built of sticks.

THE BLACKSMITH

blacksmith	forge	hammer	branches
smithy	tongs	anvil	music
iron	bellows	nails	flames

In our town there is a big chestnut tree. It has long branches. In summer it is full of green leaves.

Under the chestnut tree there is a shop. It is a blacksmith's shop and we call it a smithy.

We like to stop there on our way home from school. We like to peep in at the open door and see the blacksmith at his work.

His hammer makes pretty music as he strikes it upon his anvil. "Cling, cling! Cling, clang, cling!" We can hear it far down the street.

The blacksmith has a fire in his smithy. The place where the fire is kept is called a forge.

The blacksmith blows the fire with his bellows, and it flames up bright and high.

He puts iron in the fire till it is red hot. This makes the iron soft. Then he takes it out with his tongs and lays it on the anvil.

He holds it there and beats it with his hammer. "Cling, cling! Cling, clang, cling!"

Sometimes the blacksmith drops the hot iron into a tub of water. Oh, how it hisses and sings! S-s-z-z-z!

The blacksmith makes shoes for the farmers' horses. He makes them of iron.

How would you like to wear iron shoes? How would you like to have your shoes nailed to your feet? But your feet are not like a horse's feet.

Sometimes we see a horse in the smithy. The smith is putting shoes on him.

He heats the shoe red hot. He beats it and hammers it. "Cling! cling! cling! clang!"

He bends it, and fits it to the horse's foot. Then he nails it on with his hammer.

"Thump! thump! thump!"

We like the blacksmith. We like to watch him at his work. He is a kind man, with large hands and strong arms.

Do you know what makes his arms so strong?

They grow strong because he uses them. If we would be strong, we must use our hands, our arms, our feet.

Do you wish to peep in at the smithy door? You can learn something there as well as at school.

EXPRESSION: Speak these words over and over with care. *Sing, strong smith, sing, "Cling, clang, cling."*

THE LITTLE BUILDER

build	storekeeper	woodman	pieces
built	carpenter	haul	blocks
builder	sawyer	kept	boards
building	wagoner	chopped	sawmill

Once there was a little boy who was always busy. His name was Robert.

He was very happy when he could be making something of his own.

One day he said, "Mother, I wish I could build a house and a barn."

His mother said, "If you had some building blocks, you might build a very little house."

"But where shall I get the building blocks?" asked Robert.

His mother gave him five pieces of money. "Take this money to the storekeeper," she said, "and ask him to sell you some blocks."

Robert thanked his mother. Then he took the money and ran to the store.

"Mr. Storekeeper," he said, "please sell me some building blocks, and then I will build a house and a barn."

The storekeeper said, "I shall be glad to sell you some blocks, but they must first be made. Go and ask the carpenter to make them for me."

So Robert ran to the carpenter.

"Mr. Carpenter," he said, "please make some building blocks for the storekeeper. Then he will sell them to me, and I will build a house and a barn."

The carpenter said, "I shall be glad to make the blocks, but I must first have a board. Go to the sawmill and ask the sawyer to saw some boards for me."

So Robert ran to the sawmill.

"Mr. Sawyer," he said, "please saw some

boards for the carpenter. Then he will make some blocks for the storekeeper, and the storekeeper will sell them to me, and I will build a house and a barn."

The sawyer said, "I shall be glad to saw the boards, but I must first have a log. Go and ask the wagoner to put a log on his wagon and haul it to my mill."

So Robert ran till he met the wagoner.

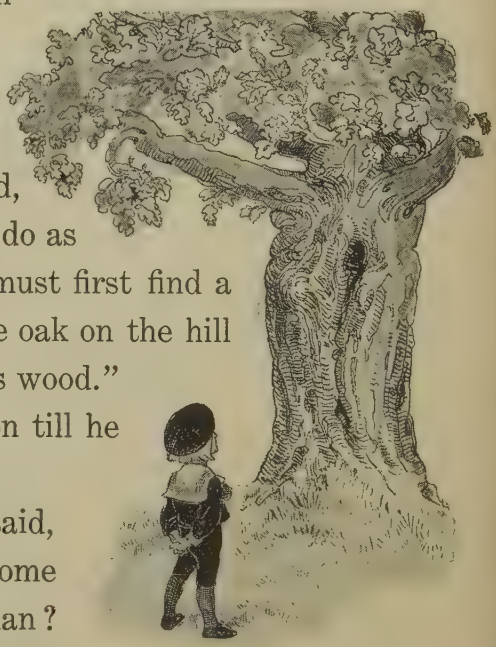
"Mr. Wagoner," he said, "please put a log on your wagon and haul it to the mill. Then the sawyer will saw some boards for the carpenter, and the carpenter will make some blocks for the storekeeper, and the storekeeper will sell them to me, and I will build a house and a barn."

The wagoner said, "I shall be glad to haul a log to the sawmill, but where is the log? Go and ask the woodman to chop one for me."

So Robert went on till he met the woodman.

"Mr. Woodman," he said, "please chop a log

for the wagoner, and the wagoner will haul it to the sawmill, and the sawyer will saw some boards for the carpenter, and the carpenter will make some blocks for the storekeeper, and the storekeeper will sell them to me, and I will build a house and a barn."



The woodman said, "I shall be glad to do as you wish, but we must first find a good tree. Ask the oak on the hill if it will give me its wood."

So Robert went on till he came to the oak.

"Oak tree," he said, "will you give some wood to the woodman? Then he will chop a log for the wagoner, and the wagoner will haul it to the sawmill, and the sawyer will saw some boards for the carpenter, and the carpenter will make some blocks for the storekeeper, and the

storekeeper will sell them to me, and I will build a house and a barn."

The oak tree could not speak; but the woodman said, "Yes, it is the right kind of tree. It will give us its wood."

Then he chopped it down and cut off a log for the wagoner; and the wagoner hauled the log to the sawmill; and the sawyer sawed some boards for the carpenter; and the carpenter made some blocks for the storekeeper; and the storekeeper sold the blocks to Robert; and Robert built a very little house and a very little barn.

"What did you do with your five pieces of money?" asked Robert's mother.

"I gave them to the storekeeper," said Robert. "The storekeeper kept one piece and gave the rest to the carpenter; the carpenter kept one piece and gave the rest to the sawyer; the sawyer kept one piece and gave the rest to the wagoner; the wagoner kept one piece and gave the rest to the woodman. But there was none left for the kind old oak."

MY LITTLE PONY

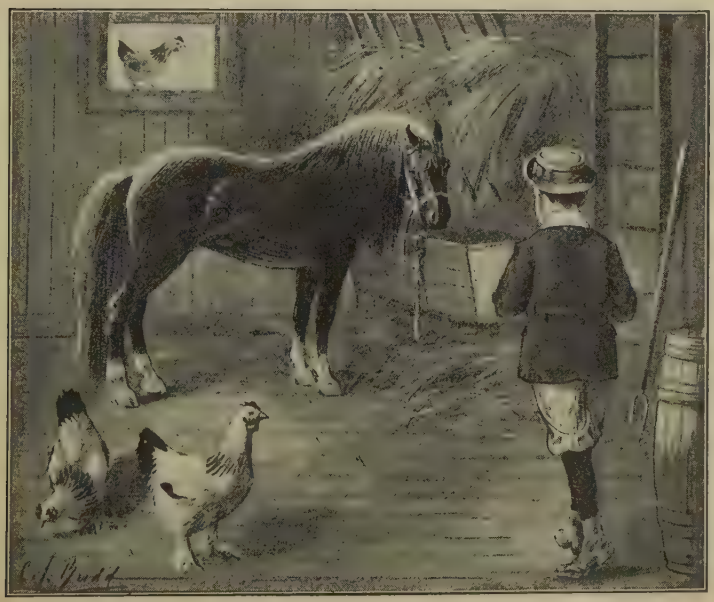
rough	surely	stony	nimble	bounding
enough	safely	pony	valley	resounding

Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top,
Over hill and valley bounding,
With your four small hoofs resounding;
Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top!

Ho! ho! ho! how like the wind you go!
Stop, you nag, I tell you, tell you;
If you don't, I'll sell you, sell you.
Ho! ho! ho! how like the wind you go!

There, there, there! Now we're safely there;
Very well, my little pony,
Though the road was rough and stony —
There, there, there! sure enough, we're there.

Here, here, here! Yes, my pony dear,
Now with hay and oats I'll treat you,
And with smiles I'll always greet you —
Do you hear? Yes, my pony dear!



A QUEER QUARREL

quarrel	blower	striking	roaring
uproar	worker	clanging	flaming
labor	master	hanging	horseshoe

One day there was a great uproar in the smithy. The blacksmith had gone out, and his tools had been left to themselves.

They kept very still till he was far down the street. Then they began to quarrel.

"I keep this smithy," said the forge. "If I didn't hold the fire in my lap, the smith could do nothing. He would have to shut the shop."

"If I didn't blow the fire, you would be of no use," said the bellows. "I keep this smithy." And then he blew and roared as loud as he could.

"Stop your noise," said the anvil. "You are a great blower, but it is my work that counts. Everything is shaped on me."

"Yes! but who shapes everything?" said

the hammer. "It is I. I do the work; and it is my labor that counts. If I should stop, there would be nothing for any of you to do."

Then he began to dance about the smithy, and every time he came near the anvil he sang this little song: —

"Cling, clang, cling-le!
Ting, tang, tinkle, tinkle!"

This put the whole shop into an uproar; and the quarrel grew hotter and hotter.

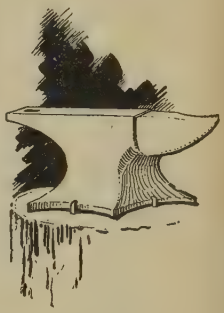
A horseshoe that was hanging over the door heard all that was said. He looked down upon the flaming forge, the roaring bellows, and the clanging hammer. Then he spoke.

"My friends, listen to me," he said. "Once I was only a straight bar of iron. Which one of you made me into a horseshoe?"

"I," said the hammer. "I hammered you into shape."

"I," said the anvil. "I held you up while the hammer was striking you."

"I," said the tongs. "I took you from the fire and turned you about while you were between the hammer and the anvil."



"I," said the forge. "I held the fire that made you soft. Without me hammer and anvil could not have done anything."

"I," said the bellows. "I blew the fire and made it hot to get you ready for hammer and anvil."

When each had told its story, the horseshoe smiled and looked very wise.

"You are all foolish," he said. "No one of you does anything alone. Each has his part, and it takes many workers to keep a smithy."

"True," said the tongs, "and if it were not for our master's mind and arm, all of us would be useless."

EXPRESSION: Let us play smithy. Who will be the anvil? the hammer? the tongs? the forge? Now act out the quarrel, speaking as the tools spoke.

Notice these words and speak them plainly:—

blacksmith	*blower*	*cling*	*clear*	*queer*
blew	*blame*	*cling-le*	*clanging*	*quarrel*

THE FOX AND THE CRANE

slender	sharp	soup	taste
shallow	served	broad	tongue

A long time ago the fox and the crane were very good friends.

"I think your long legs and slender bill are very pretty," said the fox.

"Thank you, sir," said the crane. "I like your cunning ways very much."

The fox was pleased to hear this. So he said, "I am going to have a fine dinner to-day. Won't you come and eat with me?"

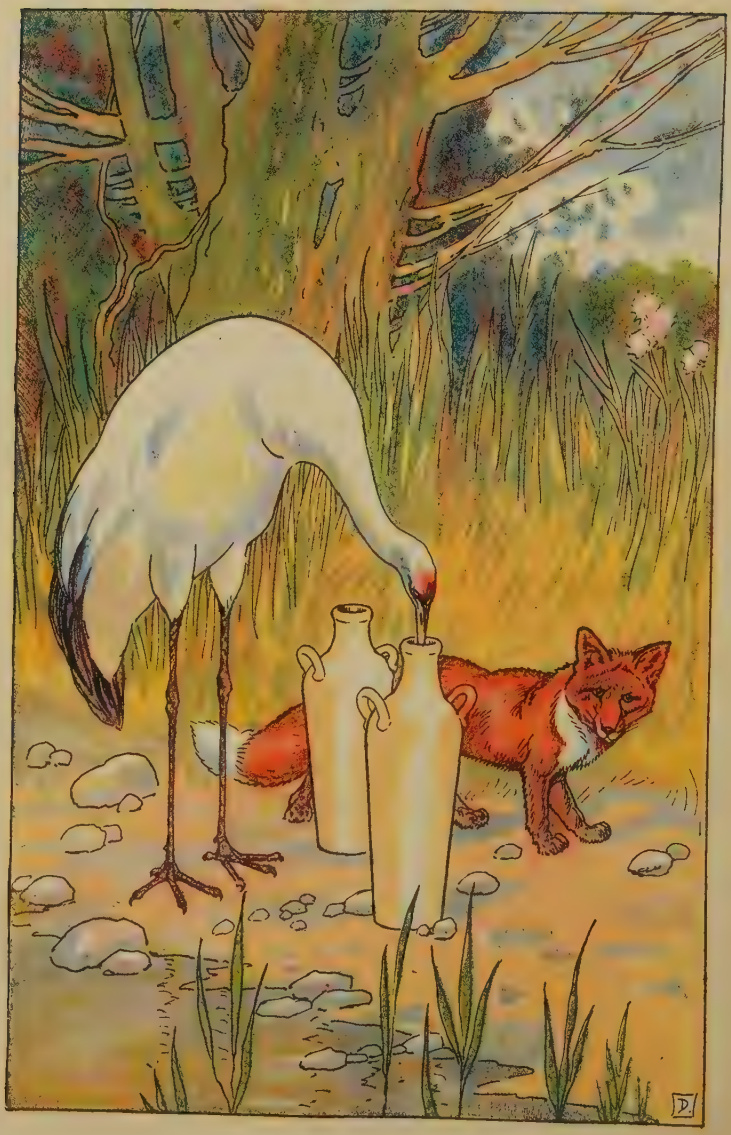
"I shall be glad to do so," said the crane.

The dinner was a fine one — for the fox. He liked soup, and so he had nothing else. It was served in large shallow dishes.

"Please to help yourself, Mrs. Crane," he said.

"Thank you," said the crane; but with her sharp bill, she could get only a taste.

"I hope that you like your dinner," said the fox. And with his broad tongue he soon lapped up all the soup in both plates.



THE FOX AND THE CRANE

The crane was very hungry, but she was too polite to say so.

"Dear Mr. Fox," she said, "I am going to have a good breakfast to-morrow morning. Won't you come over and eat with me?"

"With all my heart," said the fox.

The next morning he was up with the sun. He ran quickly to the crane's house, for he thought he would have a fine breakfast.

The crane had very good food, but it was all served in tall bottles.

"I hope that you like those little fishes," said the crane. "I caught them myself."

But, with his broad tongue, Mr. Fox could not get a taste. The crane, with her slender bill, drew the food from the bottles and ate it up.

"Not all people can live in the same way," said the fox, going home hungry and sad.

EXPRESSION: What sounds do you hear in *fine, for, food, fox, fishes?* Spell by sound: *if, off, half, soft.*

What did the fox say? What did the crane say?

THE RAIN

thirsty rubbers three-toed weatherproof
brooklet puddle dandelion wonderful

Who likes the rain?

"I" said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on.
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud as I pass.
Quack, quack!
I like the rain!"

Who likes the rain?

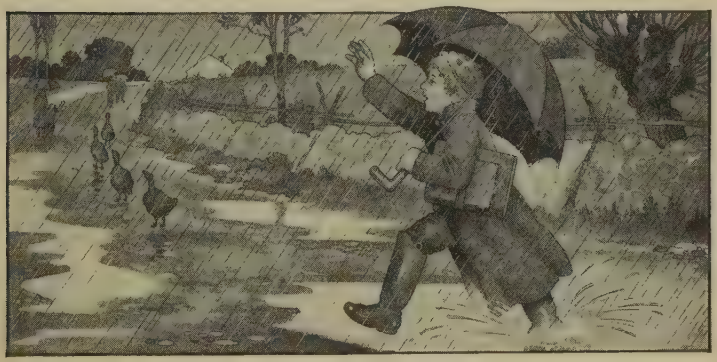
"I," cried the dandelion, "I!
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted her shining yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.
"I like the rain."

Who likes the rain?
"I! And I hope 'twill pour, pour,"
Croaked the tree toad at his gray bark door.

"With a broad leaf over me for a roof,
I feel that I'm quite waterproof.
I like the rain."

Who likes the rain?

"I," sang the brook, "I like every drop,
And I wish the rain would never stop
Till a big, big river I grow to be,
Rushing along to the wonderful sea.
I like the rain."



Who likes the rain?

"I," shouted Ned, "for I can run,
With my high-top boots and my rain coat on,
Through every puddle and brooklet and pool
That I can find on my way to school.
I like the rain."

PLAYING ROBINSON CRUSOE

wrecked	island	barley	benches
drowned	playmates	company	seashore

One day Tommy True's mother read to him a story which he liked very much. It was the story of Robinson Crusoe.

Robinson Crusoe wished very much to be a sailor. So he sailed on a ship across the sea. He sailed to many strange lands, and saw many wonderful things.

Once his ship was in a great storm. It was wrecked, and all the sailors were drowned but Robinson Crusoe.

He swam to an island. An island, as you know, is land with water all around it.

It was a small island, and there was no one living on it. But there were birds in the woods and wild goats on the hills.

For a long time Robinson Crusoe was all alone. He had only a dog and some cats to keep him company.

He afterwards tamed a parrot and some of the wild goats.

He built a house of sticks and vines. He sowed grain, and baked bread. He made a boat for himself. He did a great many things.

He stayed on the island for a long time. Then a ship came and carried him home.

When Tommy True heard this story, he said to his mother, "I'm going to be a sailor when I am a man."

Then, for many days, he had great fun playing Robinson Crusoe. There were no other children

to play with him, and so it was easy to act the part of Crusoe.

The first thing to do was to find an island. There was no such place near Tommy's home. There was no sea, not even a brook.

"Where shall I find an island, mother?" he asked. "I am going to be Robinson Crusoe."

"Oh, make believe that there is an island in the garden," she answered.

So he marked off a place at the end of the garden where he often played. He drew a line all around it.

"Inside of this line is the island," he said. "Outside of it is the wide and stormy sea."

You would have laughed to see how Tommy sailed down the garden walk, and how his ship was wrecked.

He carried his dog and cat to his island, but it was hard work to keep them there. They would run across the line that Tommy had drawn around his island, and then they were in the wide and stormy sea before they knew it!

Tommy built himself a funny little house with sticks and vines.

A robin had a nest in a cherry tree, and he made believe that it was his parrot. But it was always flying away, over the sea.

For a goat, he had nothing better than an old wooden bench. With a board and a broom he made it look a little like a goat. It did very well, for it never ran away.

Tommy sowed barley and rice, just as Robinson Crusoe had done. But his make-believe barley was wheat, and his make-believe rice was corn.

He spent much time making a boat from a stick of wood which he found on his island. Then he made believe that he sailed all around the shore and found many wonderful things.

And now if you have no playmates, try playing that you are Robinson Crusoe.

EXPRESSION: Pronounce: *Rob'in son Cru'soe; is'land; ex cept'.* Speak plainly: *wrecked, baked, marked; act, built, wheat.*

THE MONTHS

January brings the snow;
Makes the feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain;
Thaws the frozen pond again.

March brings wind so cold and chill;
Drives the cattle from the hill.

April brings us sun and showers,
And the pretty wild-wood flowers.

May brings grass and leafy trees,
Waving in each gentle breeze.

June brings roses, fresh and fair,
And the cherries, ripe and rare.

July brings the greatest heat,
Cloudless skies and dusty street.

August brings the golden grain;
Harvest time begins again.

Mild September brings us more
Fruit and grain, for winter store.

Brown October brings the last
Of ripening gifts, from summer past.

Dull November brings the blast;
Down from the trees the leaves
fall fast.

Cold December ends the rime
With blazing fires and Christmas time.

EXPRESSION: Learn the names of the months. Tell what can be done in each month.

THE OLD EAGLE

eagle	lazy	quickly	failed
swoop	shady	pounce	seized
fright	angry	prowl	snatched

An old eagle once built her nest on a great rock not very far from our house.

We could see the nest, but the rock was so high and steep that no one could climb up to it. So it was quite safe from harm.

In the summer time there were little eagles in the nest. Almost every day we could see the mother eagle sailing around in the air and looking for something to eat.

If she saw a rabbit or a little lamb, she would swoop down and catch it. Then she would carry it in her sharp claws up to her nest. Her little ones were always hungry.

Sometimes she would fly down into our barnyard and carry off a chicken. Not even the ducks and geese were safe from her.

One morning old Jack, our house cat, went out to take a walk. He was a very large cat, and almost as white as snow.

He often went into the fields to prowl among the bushes and in the tall grass. We never knew him to catch anything. Father said it was because he was so lazy; but I think it was because he did not wish to hurt anything.

It was a warm day, and Jack did not like the bright sun. So he found a shady, grassy spot and lay down to sleep.

Soon after this, the old eagle went out to find a breakfast for her young ones.

She rose high in the air, and sailed round and round, looking for something that she could pounce down upon.

Then she saw old Jack lying fast asleep on the grass. Perhaps she thought he was a fine white rabbit, for she swooped down quickly and snatched him up in her long claws.

Old Jack had never had such a fright. He woke up to find himself sailing through the air. The eagle's sharp claws were sticking into his back.

Gentle and lazy as he may have been at

other times, he was now as angry as any cat could be. He turned quickly and began to fight the eagle.

He seized her with his teeth. The eagle knew now that this was no rabbit. She soon let go of Jack, and thought that he would drop to the ground.

But Jack knew better. He held on to the eagle. He tore and bit with all his might.

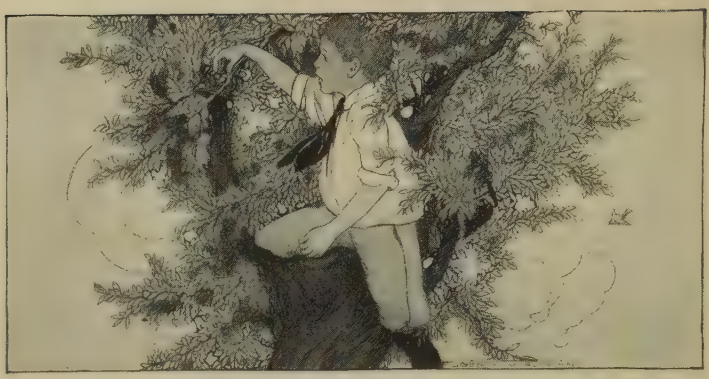
The eagle began to grow weak. She was so weak that her wings failed her. Soon she fell to the ground.

She was hurt so badly that she could not fly.

But Jack was not hurt much. As soon as he touched the ground he let go of the eagle. Then he ran home and sat on the doorstep as though nothing had happened.

EXPRESSION: Speak very plainly: *once built; pounce down; swooped; snatched; seized; himself sailing; sharp claws sticking.* Practice pronouncing the following words:

went	*woke*	*walk*	*warm*	*would*
wish	*weak*	*work*	*were*	*watch*



THE BIRD'S NEST

bobolink wisp wrong shame

The Bird

To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen now to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the pretty nest I made?

The Cow

Not I, not I! Moo, moo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But never took your nest away.
Oh, no, no, never! Moo, moo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

The Bobolink

Bobolink! bobolink!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the old plum tree to-day?

The Dog

Bow-wow! not I. Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.
I gave some hairs the nest to make.
But the nest I did not take.

The Sheep

Did I take it? Oh, no, no!
I would not treat a poor bird so.
I gave some wool the nest to line,
But the pretty nest was none of mine.
I did not take it. Oh, no!
I would not treat a poor bird so.

The Crow

Caw, caw! I'm only a crow,
But I should like to know
What thief took away
That bird's nest to-day.

The Sparrows

Chir-a-whir-r ! chir-a-whir-r-r !
Let us make a great stir,
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, "For shame !"

The Little Boy

Oh, I didn't know it was wrong,
For I love to hear the bluebird's song.
It was I that took the pretty nest —
I broke one egg and kept the rest.

The little boy felt so full of shame
That he did not like to tell his name.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

leaflet circling petals curious

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and west, and south and north.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cozy while it sleeps.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the west and south
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower blown.

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

EXPRESSION: Study these words: *dāy, hăve; leaf'let, pĕt'als; tī'ny, kĭss'es, blŏs'som, cō'zy; pūr'est, sŭn; skў, sun'nў.*

A GOOD BOY

I woke before the morning,
I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word,
But smiled and kept at play.

And now at last the sun
Is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy,
For I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh,
With linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to slumber land,
And not forget my prayer.

Then sleep will hold me tightly
Till I waken at the dawn,
And hear the robins singing
In the lilacs round the lawn.

THE ANIMAL SHOW

doorkeeper	ostrich	kangaroo	touch
showman	elephant	animal	goose
tickets	sparrow	creature	barnyard

One rainy day our boys played a new game. They had a great animal show in the barn. Paul was the doorkeeper, and Robert was the showman.

All the children came to look at the show and hear about the animals.

"How much are the tickets?" asked Emily.

"Five pins," said Paul.

Then he began to talk. "Come this way, everybody, and see our great show. It's only five pins to get in. If you have no pins we'll trust you till to-morrow.

"Walk in, walk in, and don't be afraid of the animals. They are all tied fast."

Then Robert took the children inside and told them about each of the animals.

"This, boys and girls, is the elephant. Don't touch him, or he may bite."

"He looks just like our dog," said sister Mary; "but then it is fun to make believe he is an elephant."

"He doesn't think it's fun to play wild beast," said Robert; "but we'll feed him pretty soon. He ought to eat grass like any other elephant, but he likes meat much better."

"And what are these?" asked little Rose. "They look like my pet rabbits."

"Pet rabbits!" said Robert. "We don't call them by that name. We call them kangaroos. Just see how they can jump! No other animal can jump so high.

"And now here is the most wonderful beast of all. It is the fierce tiger of the woods. Take care! Don't come too near. See his long claws. Hear him growl. Stand back, I say!

"You may think that it is only our old cat. But don't be too sure of that. He may look like a cat, but then that is the way most tigers look. They all belong to the same family.

"Now, come this way, and look at the great gray eagle. He is quite gentle now. But you should see him on another day. You should see him flying high in the air. You should hear his loud cry as he looks down at the ground.

"Some of you may say that he looks like our red hen. He is sitting on his nest just now, and is as gentle as a sparrow. But just wait till to-morrow.

"Now, here, boys and girls, is the best and

largest of all our birds. What do you think it is?"

"I think it is the old gray goose that lives in the barnyard," said Lucy.

"Let's call it a crane," said Ned.

"Let's call it a wild duck," said Emily.

"Who dares to call it anything but an ostrich?" answered Robert. "Was there ever a goose or a crane that looked like this noble creature? See what long, yellow legs! See what mighty wings!"

"Now the show is ended," said Paul. "We hope that every one will come again. Come to-morrow and bring your friends, for there will be other things for you to see."

EXPRESSION: Let us play "Animal Show." Who will be the doorkeeper? Who will be the showman?

Now, listen to the doorkeeper. What does he say?

The showman will point out the animals. Hear what he says about each one of them.

FROGS AT SCHOOL

rushy	stern	leap	degree
nobly	strive	seat	polished

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play,
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

From his seat upon a log,
Showed them how to say, "Ker chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last.
Not one dunce was in the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggy ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

alone	onward	comforted	covers
ahead	magic	screamed	remember
hind	cunning	tasted	nightcap

I

A long time ago there lived in the country a little girl who was as pretty and good as any rose in summer.

Because she was so good, her mother made her a beautiful hood that was as red as the clouds at sunset. When she put the hood on her head, she looked so lovely that everybody called her "Little Red Riding Hood."

One morning this child started from her home to carry a cake and some honey to her grandmother, who lived a mile away.

"Be sure not to stop on the road," said her mother. "And remember not to talk with people you may meet."

"Yes, mother. Good-by!" said the child.

Then the happy child, with her little basket on her arm, ran onward, down the road that led to her grandmother's house.

A mile is a long way for a little girl to go alone, and there were dark woods to go through. But Little Red Riding Hood was not afraid. She looked at the trees and the pretty flowers by the roadside, and hurried on.

All at once she heard some one calling. She looked and saw a gray wolf coming out from among some bushes. She was not afraid, for she thought it was only a friendly dog.

"Wait a little while," said the wolf.

"I must not stop," answered the child; "and I must not talk with people on the road."

"Well, I am glad to see you," said the wolf; and he bowed and tried to look pleasant. "You are very beautiful, Little Red Riding Hood."

"Oh, you know me, then!" said the child. "Won't you tell me your name?"

"My name is Friend Wolf, and your mother knows me well. Where are you going with your little basket on your arm?"

"I'm going to grandmother's, to take her a cake for her Sunday dinner, to-morrow."

"Where does your grandmother live, my pretty child?" asked the wolf.

"In the little red house on the other side of the woods," said Red Riding Hood.

"Oh, yes, I know," said the cunning wolf. "I think I will run on ahead, and tell your grandmother that you are coming."

Then he smiled and bowed, and ran by the shortest way through the woods.

II

Soon the wolf came to the little red house on the other side of the woods.

He knocked softly at the door: Tick, tick, tick!

There was no answer.

He knocked much louder: Tock, tock, tock!

Nobody spoke.

Then he stood up on his hind feet and lifted the latch with his paw.

The door opened. There was no one at home.

The good grandmother had gone to town to sell her eggs and butter. She had started so early that she had no time to make her bed or hang up her nightcap.

"Ah, ha! Now I'll have things my own way," said the wolf.

He shut the door; he put the nightcap on his head; he crept into the bed. Then he drew the covers around him, and lay quite still.

III

Little Red Riding Hood came tripping along the road to the little red house where her grandmother lived.

She looked up at the windows. She wondered if her grandmother was at home. She knocked softly at the door: Tick, tick, tick!

The wolf heard her. "Who's there?" he called; and he tried to make his voice soft and gentle.

"It is I, grandmother; it's Little Red Riding Hood," said the child. "I've brought you a cake and some honey."

"Open the door and come in," said the wolf.

The child thought it was her grandmother who spoke. She went in.

"What makes your voice so gruff, grandmother?" she asked.

"Oh, I've such a bad cold!" said the wolf.

"Shut the door and latch it, my lamb. Then come and sit by the bed. I want to talk with you a little while."

The child did as she was told. She wondered why her grandmother looked so strange.

"Oh, grandmother, what makes you look that way?" she asked.

"It's the nightcap," said the wolf. He lay very still in the bed.

"What long arms you have, grandmother!"

"All the better to hug you, my lamb."

"Oh, how big your mouth has grown!"

"All the better to talk with you, my dove!"

"And your teeth — how sharp they are!"

"ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU UP!" shouted the wolf; and he opened his mouth and jumped at the child to bite her.

But she put down her head and screamed, "Mamma! mamma!"

The wolf caught hold of the pretty hood; then he jumped back as if he had tasted fire.

The hood was a magic hood. It had burnt his mouth and had even broken his teeth.

He jumped off the bed. He ran around the room, howling and howling. He was frightened, and could not see which way to go.

Just then the grandmother came home with a long empty sack on her arm.

She lifted the latch, and saw the wolf. "Ah, you thief!" she cried, and she opened the sack wide across the door.

The wolf was so frightened that he ran into it, head first. He could not get out.

The grandmother shut the sack; she tied the strings; she ran and threw it into the well; and that was the end of the wolf.

In the house, Little Red Riding Hood still stood by the bed, crying: "Mamma! mamma!" She did not know what to do. But her grandmother soon comforted her. She gave her a piece of the cake and a fine red apple.

"Grandmother, was it the hood that saved me?" said the child.

"Yes, my child. It was very lucky for you that you had it on," said the grandmother.

MILK AND BUTTER

dairy	butter	milked	together
oily	cheese	churned	machine
plenty	cream	skimmed	friendly

When Emily and her brother Robin were in the country they went out one morning to see Lucy, the farmer's little daughter. They found her in the dairy house, busy at work.

Emily. Good morning, Lucy! What are you doing this morning?

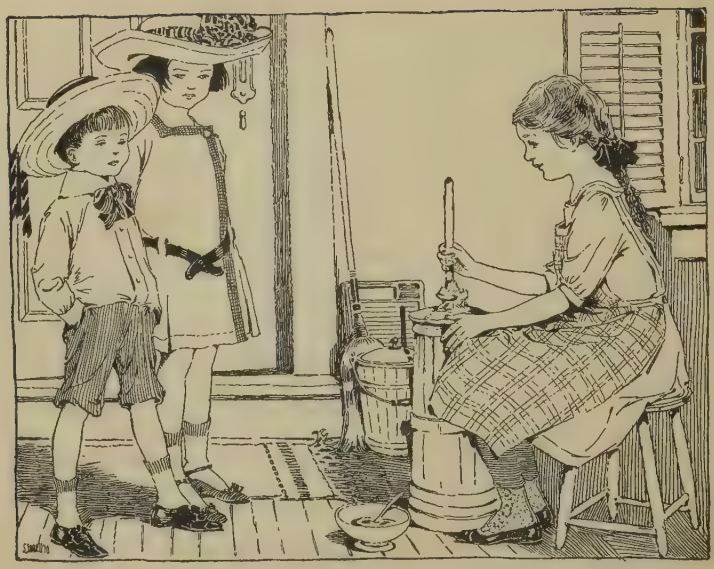
Lucy. I am churning butter. I help mother in the dairy house. I take care of the milk, and keep everything clean and sweet. Father calls me his little dairy maid. I like my work.

Robin. Don't you ever play? Do you work all the time?

Lucy. I have a good deal of time to play, and I go to school in the winter.

Emily. How many cows have you on the farm, Lucy?

Lucy. We have ten cows. In the summer time we have as much milk as we can take care of.



Robin. What do you do with so much milk?

Lucy. Oh, we children drink some of it. Father says there is nothing so good for boys and girls as plenty of sweet, fresh milk.

Emily. That's what my mother says. But what do you do with the rest?

Lucy. We make butter with some of it, and some is used for cheese. After the cream is taken from it, a good deal of milk is given to the pigs.

Robin. Oh, tell us how butter is made.

Lucy. Butter is made from cream. Cream is the rich, oily part of the milk.

As soon as the cows are milked, most of the milk is run through a machine which takes the cream out of it. Some farmers put the milk in shallow pans and let it stand for a day or two. The cream rises to the top and is skimmed off. The best cream makes the best butter.

After the cream has stood for a while it is put into the churn. Then it is churned and churned and churned for a long time.

At last the oily part of the cream becomes butter. The rest is buttermilk.

Emily. Do you like to make butter?

Lucy. Well, it's pretty hard work to churn. But I do like to see the fine, yellow butter when mother takes it out of the churn and pats it into balls. You may stay here and see her if you wish.

Robin. I've learned some things that I never knew before.

Lucy. What have you learned?

Robin. I have learned how butter is made. Cream is the rich, oily part of milk. It is churned to make butter. The part which is left after the butter is made is called buttermilk. Cows give us milk. Boys who live in town don't know much about such things.

Lucy. Father says that we owe a great deal to the cows. This evening you must see them as they come home to be milked.

The boys drive them up the lane. Sometimes we girls go out to meet them. Then we sing a little song about the cow: —

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart.
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant, open air,
The pleasant light of day,

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

Robin. Oh, I've read that in a book!

Lucy. The boys know another song which they sing in the morning when they are driving the cows to the field. Here it is:—

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and fresh and sweet and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat;
That makes milk both rich and sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there to dine.

EXPRESSION: Which song do you prefer? Why? Learn them both. Tell all you know about milk and butter.

CHOOSING A TRADE

sheaves printer teacher honest

Father

Well, boys, when you have grown to be men,
What do you think you will each do then?

Robert

I think, father, when I'm a man,
I'll be a farmer, if I can.
I'll plow the ground, and seed I'll sow,
I'll reap the grain, the grass I'll mow,
I'll bind the sheaves, I'll rake the hay
And store it in the barn away,
When I'm a man — a man.

Tommy

When I'm a man — a man,
I'll be a blacksmith, if I can.
Kling, klang! kling, klang! my anvil will ring,
And this is the way my hammer I'll swing!
I'll shoe your horse and shoe him tight,
I'll mend your plows and mend them right,
When I'm a man — a man.

Henry

When I'm a man — a man,
I'll be a carpenter, if I can.
I'll plane long boards and hammer them, too;
And this way and that my saw shall go through.
I'll make barns, houses, boxes, and boats,
And a ship that will beat every other that floats,
When I'm a man — a man.

James

When I'm a man — a man,
I'll be a teacher, if I can.
I'll be kind to the children, stories I'll tell,
I'll give them pictures, and, well — oh! well,
I'll teach them lessons that are good and true,
And show them just what they ought to do,
When I'm a man — a man.

Ned

When I'm a man — a man,
I'll be a printer, if I can.
I'll make books with pictures all through,
And papers I'll print and send to you.

I'll read them first. Oh, won't it be fun
To read all the stories before they're done,
When I'm a man — a man?

All the boys

When we are men, grown men,
We hope to do great things; and then
Whatever we do, this thing we'll say,
"We'll do our work in the very best way."
And you shall see, if you know us then,
We'll be honest and true ten times in ten,
When we are men — grown men.

EXPRESSION: Let us play "Choosing a Trade." Now, boys, what will you be when you are grown men? How will you do your work? What kind of men will you be?

DICKY DADDLES

gently	ribbon	midst	bundle
trousers	several	tiniest	suit
trailing	pointed	outspread	automobile

One summer, when we were staying on the farm, we had a pet crane. Ned's father found him down by the river.

He was then a little fellow, not quite old enough to fly. One of his wings had been hurt.

Ned's father took him up gently and carried him to the house. We dressed his lame wing and fed him, for he was very hungry.

Then we put him in the woodshed and tied a long cord to his leg to keep him from going away.

Ned made a soft nest for him of hay and moss, but he did not care to sit on it. He liked to stand by the door and watch the children at their play.

Every day we fed him and dressed his wing,

and he soon became so tame that we took the cord off his leg, and let him go where he wished.

He learned to follow us about the yard and garden. Sometimes we took him to the river, and this pleased him very much.

He liked to wade in the shallow stream. Sometimes he would dip his bill quickly into the water and bring up a frog or a small fish.

We named him Dicky Daddles. He grew very fast and was soon almost as tall as Ned.

After a while the wing that had been hurt grew quite well and strong. Then, almost every day, he flew down to the river. But he always came back to the house for his dinner.

One day the girls made him a pair of white trousers and a blue coat; mother tied a pretty ribbon round his neck; and Ned gave him the tiniest red hat you ever saw.

How funny he looked when dressed up in all those things! But he didn't mind it at all.

At last the summer was over, and we had to go back to our town home, several miles away. What would become of Dicky Daddles?

We could not take him with us, for a town is no place for a wading bird; and he would not be happy away from the water. Nothing could be done but leave him behind with the man on the farm.

So the children told Dicky Daddles all about their town home, and why they could not take him there. Then, with tears, they bade him good-by, and climbed into the automobile.

"Good-by, Dicky Daddles! Come and see us," shouted Ned; and we were off.

We had not gone very far when some one pointed to a large bird, high up in the sky, which seemed to be following us, slowly.

"I wonder if it's Dicky Daddles," said Ned.

But it was soon left behind. It looked like a white speck in the sky, and was then lost to sight; and nothing more was thought about it.

It was afternoon when we reached our town home. The children jumped out of the automobile and were about to run into the house when they heard a sharp cry far above them.

"It's Dicky Daddles!" they all cried; and sure enough, there he was, circling around far, far above us.

How pretty he was with his white wings outspread and his black legs trailing behind him!

"Dicky! Dicky! Dicky!" cried the girls.

"Daddles! Daddles!" shouted Ned.

But the bird was afraid to come to us. He saw so many houses and people and dogs and cats.

He uttered another cry and then floated gently down to a grove of trees which stood quite near the town.

The children shouted; then they ran down the street to see where the bird would go.

Ned carried in his hand a small bundle which he had brought from the farm.

Half an hour later, all came back, very happy; for walking in their midst was Dicky Daddles, dressed in his red-white-and-blue suit. He seemed as glad as they.

But the poor fellow was not happy with us long. The town was no place for him.

The very next day several wild cranes were

seen flying toward the south. Dicky Daddles saw them. He heard their calls and understood them.

He flapped his wings and rose in the air. Soon he was high above the housetops and the trees, flying very fast to overtake his wild kin.

"Good-by, Dicky Daddles!" sobbed the children.

And we never saw him again.

EXPRESSION: Study these words:—*băde; tī'ni est; au-tō-mō'bile; mĭdst; mŏss; sŏft nĕst.*

Say, "*Good-by, Dicky Daddles!*" just as the children did. What is a crane? Why does a crane like the river? Tell about some bird that you have cared for.

THE KIND CHILD

Gustava	porch	mouthful	spoonful
pleasant	pokes	bashful	careful

Do you know little Gustava?

There she is, sitting on the doorstep. It is a pleasant spring day and the sun is shining bright and warm.

Little Gustava is glad. She has come out on

the doorstep to eat her breakfast and to see the bright sun.

She holds a little green bowl in her lap. It is full of white bread and warm, sweet milk. She looks at it and laughs. "Ha, ha! What a fine breakfast this is!"

She takes up a spoonful of the bread and milk. Then some one comes up on the porch to see what she is doing.

It is her little gray kitten. "Mew, mew, mew!" it says, as it rubs against her.

"Good morning, pretty kitty!" says Gustava. "Have you come for your breakfast?"

The kitten pokes its nose against the spoon. "What's that?" it asks.

Gustava gives it a little milk. "Don't drink it all. Be careful!" she says.

Then the brown hen comes walking up the steps. "Cluck, cluck, cluck!"

"Good morning, dear little brown hen!" says Gustava. She scatters some crumbs of bread upon the floor. "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" says the hen as she picks them up.

Then down through the air come four little white doves saying, "Coo, coo, coo, coo!" Their wings are like snow, and they flutter down at Gustava's feet.

"Welcome, dear little ones!" she says; and she gives them still more of her bread.

And now who is this that comes out through the door! It is Rags, the little black dog. He looks up in her face and wags his funny tail.

"Bow-wow! bow-wow!" he says.

"Ah, do you want some breakfast, too?" says little Gustava.

She sets her bowl on the floor and Rags laps up all the milk. She pats his head gently and says, "How hungry you were, dear Rags!"

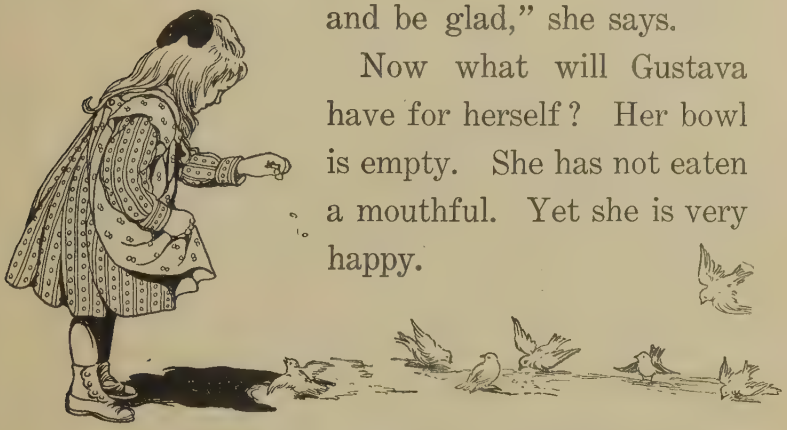
Out in the yard the sparrows are hopping about. The ground is wet and cold, and they are looking for crumbs among the stones.

"Won't you come up on the porch?" says little Gustava. "There's plenty here for you and the doves."

But they are afraid. They stay out in the yard and chirp as they hop on the ground.

Then Gustava picks up some of the crumbs and throws them to the tiny sparrows.

"There, little birdies! Eat your breakfast, and be glad," she says.



Now what will Gustava have for herself? Her bowl is empty. She has not eaten a mouthful. Yet she is very happy.

Soon her mother comes to the door. "Dear little Gustava," she says, "I have brought you another bowl of bread and milk."

Oh, merry little Gustava! She loves the kitten, the hen, the doves, the dog, the tiny sparrows. How very happy is little Gustava!

EXPRESSION: Let us play "The Kind Child." Who will be Gus ta'va? Who will be her mother? Where is the cat? the dog? the sparrows? the doves?

Study these words: *Gŭs tä'va, have, loves, doves.* Make a list of the words in which you find *v*.

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED

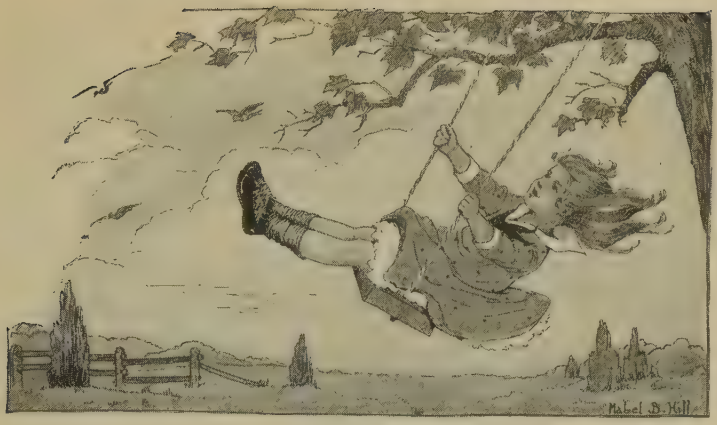
I. Lady Moon

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold:
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."



II. The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

III. The Merry Brown Thrush

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree,—
He's singing to me! he's singing to me.
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be."

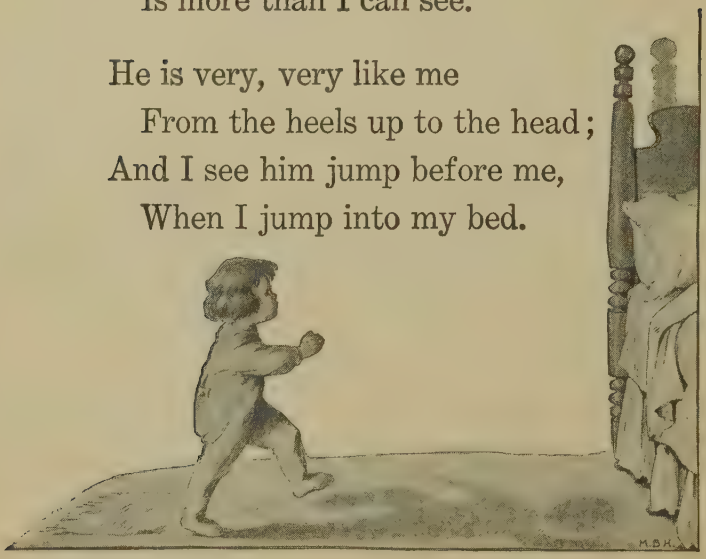
And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest
do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little
boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad, now I'm free,
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the
tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be, —
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we are good as good can be?"

IV. My Shadow

I have a little shadow
That goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him,
Is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me
From the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me,
When I jump into my bed.



V. The Wonderful World

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree —
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
My mother kissed me, and said, quite gay,

"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

VI. A Dutch Lullaby

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
Never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;

'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

GOOD–NIGHT

Good-night! Good-night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good-night! Good-night!

WORD STUDY

I. PARTS OF WORDS

Look carefully at these words:

1.	2.	3.	4.
star	won der	won der ful	won der ful ly
bold	co zy	fam i ly	dan de li on

EXERCISE: Which of these words are made up of one part only? Which of two parts? Which of three parts? Which of four parts? Such parts of words are called *syllables.*

This little mark ′ is called an *accent.* It shows that the syllable which it follows is to be spoken with a little more force than the rest of the word.

II. CHILDREN'S NAMES

Char′lie	Gus tä′va	Ma′ry	Rob′in
Dol′ly	Hen′ry	May	Rose
Dot′ty	I′da	Ned	Rol′lo
Em′i ly	James	Paul	Tom
Fan′ny	Jack	Pic cō′la	Tom′my
Grace	Lu′cy	Rob′ert	Wil′liam

EXERCISE: Which of the above are boys' names? Which are girls' names? Which boy's name do you

like best? Which girl's name? Tell something about each of the children named in this book.

III. THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

1. Sun'day 3. Tues'day 5. Thurs'day 7. Sat'ur day
2. Mon'day 4. Wednes'day 6. Fri'day

EXERCISE: Which day do you enjoy most? Tell what is done at home on each day of the week. Remember that these names when written must always begin with capital letters.

IV. THE MONTHS

1. Jan'u a ry 4. A'pril 7. Ju ly' 10. Oc to'ber
2. Feb'ru a ry 5. May 8. Au'gust 11. No vem'ber
3. March 6. June 9. Sep tem'ber 12. De cem'ber

V. WORDS THAT TELL ABOUT PEOPLE

bank'er	folks	lamp'light er	saw'yer
black'smith	friend	ma'am	smith
build'er	gen'tle man	mas'ter	store'keep er
car'pen ter	grand'ma	peo'ple	teach'er
child	grand'moth'er	play'mates	thief
door'keep er	hunt'er	print'er	wag'on er
fam'i ly	king	pu'pil	wo'man
farm'er	la'dy	sail'or	wood'man

VI. MARKS AND SOUNDS

Study these words:

māy	mē	mīnė	mōre	mūle
măt	mĕt	pĭn	nŏt	nŭt

Notice the letters that are marked in the first line: ā, ē, ī, ō, ū. Notice those in the second line: ă, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ.

Pronounce these with care, and notice the marks:

mā	mē	mī	mō	mū
ăm	ĕm	ĭm	ŏm	ŭm

Some letters have two or more sounds.

The mark – shows the long sound of a letter.

The mark ⌣ shows the short sound of a letter.

What is the short sound of a? of e? of i? of o? of u?

What is the long sound of a? of e? of i? of o? of u?

Sometimes a letter is used in a word, but is not sounded. It is then said to be silent. Tell what letter is silent in each of these words: may, mine, more, mule.

Silent letters may be printed thus: lam*b*, ri*gh*t.

The letter e at the end of a word is often silent.

Spell, pronounce and mark the following words:

mad	fin	not	us	ran	red	got
made	fine	note	use	rain	read	goat

VII. REVIEW OF WORD LISTS

PAGE

9. rab′bit find mind bun′ny bun′nies be gan′ be cause.′
14. king cage hawk brook trick tail sly fĕa*th*′er.
19. lil′y lil′ies last left stood word tried tired be*a*ū′ti ful to-mor′row.
21. be gan′ be fore′ be hind′ *k*now *k*new *k*nock rain′-ing say′ing try′ing com′ing shin′ing sit′ting.
26. duck quack thick think watch fetch mool′ey slow′ly swim swim′ming.
30. Lee′rie lamp lad′der li*gh*t′er dark′er big′ger bank′er wag′on er.
34. step stand straight strong string strange gold move be li*e*̄ve′ woods masts moun′ta*i*̆n.
37. fli*gh*t ri*gh*t bri*gh*t dream shout born pure down′y cra′dle folks gu*i*̄des fac′es.
39. Gruff grass grim growled bridge bre*a*̄k brave broom rushed rough enough cau*gh*t threw far′ther gob′lin voice.
46. Bob′by bus′y be comes′ tricks tries teach′er learn les′son up′ri*gh*t o′clock hur′ry car′ry.
49. fair′y cher′ry emp′ty climbed a′pron wom′an.
52. love′ly lov′ing al′ways nev′er gen′tle i′dle child mild face grace.

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54. wheat leave world spoke an′*swer*.
58. th*ough*t bro*ugh*t fid′dle brĕ*ak*′fast.
61. twelve dead cud′d*l*ed chase*d*.
63. o*ugh*t bo*ugh*t bro*ugh*t th*ough*t fo*ugh*t ta*ugh*t ca*ugh*t na*ugh*′ty.
68. mid′dle pur′ple Din′gle cur′tăin fam′i ly pic′-tures cheer chair.
72. bus′tle kitch′en plen′ty.
73. wear bear care dare bare their fair pair there where care′ful care′less.
77. Em′i ly mer′ri ly chick′a dee choose.
80. sly′ly pa pa′ pa′per beast up stairs bed′-room help′less fierce sleep′y or′dered wrote whis′per.
84. Pic cō′la pres′ent pēo′ple may′be chim′nĕy fall′*e*n lov′ing ly soft′ly fire′place spar′row nes′*t*led chirp′ing.
88. dim′pled o′pened dar′ling stock′ing un der-stood′ grand′ma bor′row long′est.
90. ches*t*′nuts a′corns th*i*ēf nois′y plen′ty hun′gry sun′ny loud′ly no′bod y an′y bod y ev′er y-bod y.
93. wink blinks reeds sticks buzz caw owl′et young′er.

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96. black'smith smith'y i'ron forge tongs nails ham'mer an'vil bel'lows branch'es mu'sic flames.

99. b*u*ild b*u*ilt b*u*ild'er b*u*ild'ing store'keep er car'pen ter saw'yer wag'on er wood'man haul kept chopped piec'es blocks boards saw'mill.

104. rough e nough' sure'ly safe'ly ston'y po'ny nim'ble val'ley bound'ing re sound'ing.

106. quar'rel up'rō*a*r la'bor blow'er work'er mas'-ter strik'ing clang'ing hang'ing rō*a*r'ing flām'ing horse'shoe.

109. slen'der shal'low sharp served soup broad taste tongue.

112. thirst'y brook'let rub'bers pud'dle three-toed dan'de li on wĕ*a*th'er proof won'der ful.

114. *w*recked drowned bar'le*y* is'land play'mates com'pa ny bench'es sea'shore.

120. ea'gle swoop fr*igh*t la'zy shad'y an'gry quick'ly pounce prowl faile*d* snatche*d* sē*i*zed.

124. bob'o link wisp *w*rong shame.

127. leaf'let cir'cling pĕt'als cū'ri ous.

130. door'keep er show'man tick'ets os'trich el'e-phant spar'row kan ga roo' an'i mal crē*a*'ture to*u*ch goose barn'yard.

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134. rush'y no'bly stern strive leap seat pol'-ished de gree'.

136. a lone' a head' , hind on'ward mag'ic cun'-ning com'fort ed tast'ed screamed cov'ers re mem'ber ni*gh*t'cap.

143. dā*i*'ry oil'y plen'ty but'ter cheese cream milk*e*d churn*e*d skimm*e*d to geth'er ma-chine' fri*ĕ*nd'ly.

148. sheaves print'er teach'er *h*ŏn'est.

151. gen'tly trou'sers trail'ing rib'bon sev'er al point'ed midst tī'ni est out spr*ĕa*d' bun'dle suit au to mō'bile.

156. Gus ta'va pl*ĕa*s'ant pōrch pokes bash'ful mouth'ful spoon'ful care'ful.

VIII. HARD WORDS TO BE STUDIED CAREFULLY

au to mō'bile	pĕt'als	căp'tain	break'fast
ĕl'e phant	rĕad'y	cer'tain	mag'ic
Chrĭst'mas	sēize	cur'tain	crea'ture
īs'land	bus'y	moun'tain	com'fort ed

Find all the other hard words in these lessons, and study them until you know them well.